

6<sup>d</sup>

PUNCH or The London Charivari—June 9 1954

6<sup>d</sup>

PUNCH OFFICE 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E. C. 4

for men of action



*Le Man's  
finest aid to  
quiet, perfect  
grooming*

Two and two make four. That, so a mathematician informs us, is beyond dispute. It is also beyond dispute, according to many manly men, that nothing, repeat nothing, makes a man *feel* more manly than quiet, perfect grooming by Lenthéric. Four and six, by the way, is about the price manly men are only too pleased to pay for a flacon of Lenthéric after-shave lotion.



After Shave Lotion  
in handy-grip flacon  
4/6 and 7/6.

*Lenthéric*

Other items in the Lenthéric range for men include: Tanbark Cologne, After Shave Powder, Scalp Stimulant, Hair Dressing, Brilliantine, Lather Shaving Cream, Shaving Bowl, Men's Soap and composite packs, "Three Musketeers," "Overnighter" and "Huntsman Set." From chosen stockists.

17 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1 PARIS NEW YORK

...ask for

# ANTLER

AND GET THESE EXTRA FEATURES

- Exclusive Patent **CUSHIONGRIP** handle.
- Concealed umbrella holder.
- Better locks and finish.
- Beautiful linings and ruched pocket work.
- A choice of 10 colours in matching sets.



From  
**ANTLER**  
Authorized Dealers  
WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED LEAFLETS

J. B. BROOKS & CO. LTD., DEPT. E, BIRMINGHAM 3



PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES & TOBACCO



[MCC 142]

Finally . . . *Flair*

**Waterman's** retractable ball-pointer  
with a new kind of **INK** !



You're going to like *Flair*—very much. You're going to like its balance, its weight, its reed-slimness, its streamlining—its whole 'feel'. You're going to like writing with *Flair*. The way it writes at a touch. Velvet writing. Because . . . *Flair Ink* is a new kind of ink—the kind we've all been wanting ever since ball-points first began. The kind that writes with an *even depth of colour*. That won't suddenly go on strike. That won't suddenly blob. That won't smudge or smear. An intense, decisive ink. A superb ink, worthy of Waterman's *Flair*.

**FLAIR'S RETRACTABILITY . . .**

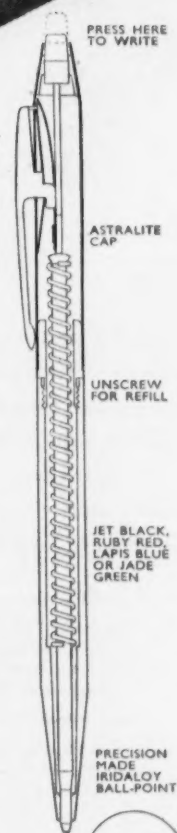
. . . measures up to the man in a hurry. It's a one-hand operation. Push the stud at the top and—click!—it's ready for writing. Press the top of the clip and—presto! the point retracts. For a diary reminder, for a scribbled address, there's nothing quicker than *Flair*.

**FLAIR INK . . .**

. . . is made to an American formula and only Waterman's have it. It answers all earlier objections to ball-point writing. Easy-writing *Flair Ink* will not smudge. Your fingers will never get inky. Permanent on paper, *Flair Ink* can be washed out of fabrics. Available in blue, red or green.

**FLAIR IN ACTION . . .**

. . . proves that the combination of precision-made Iridaloy ball and the new *Flair Ink* makes for new standards of smoothness and ease in writing. Never clogging or 'collecting' round the point, *Flair Ink* maintains a steady flow right to the last—a flow with a *constant* clarity, decisiveness and depth of colour.



Welcome to **Waterman's**

*Flair*  
Regd.

retractable

THE PRINCE OF BALL-POINTERS

\* *It's in the shops now!*

17/6

IN HANDSOME GIFT BOX


*FLAIR* is made by Waterman's who have been making fine pens, pencils and inks for seventy years.





When *he* crosses  
the Atlantic—  
he flies *B.O.A.C.*

Distinguished are the people who invariably fly by B.O.A.C. transatlantic services. And significant are the things that they remember about their flights . . . the spacious luxury of the double-decked *Stratocruisers* . . . the fully-reclining seat provided for each passenger. The superb quality of the cuisine and the excellent vintages . . . the thirty-five years of experience which have made B.O.A.C. the world leader in air travel.

  
 The "Monarch" between London and New York direct . . . also to Chicago via Montreal. Additional regular 1s: Class services from London to New York via Prestwick or Boston; to Montreal via Prestwick; from Manchester to New York via Prestwick.

Consult your local B.O.A.C. Appointed Agent or B.O.A.C., Airways Terminal, Victoria, S.W.1 (VIC 2323), 75 Regent St., W.1 (MAY 6611), or offices in Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham and Liverpool.

  
**FLY** BRITISH BY **B.O.A.C.**

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION



Put the "sparkle"  
into good living

Zip up your whisky . . . pep up those long summer drinks with a Sparklet! The Sparklet Refillable Syphon gives you an unfailing supply of fresh 'soda' water for all occasions and cuts out the fuss of deposits and returns. Just fill the Syphon with water, screw on a Sparklet Bulb, and at a twist of the wrist up comes zesty 'soda' eager to make all drinks 'bubbly' refreshing. A Sparklet Refillable Syphon is a smart and impressive Master of Ceremonies always at hand to dispense refreshment for the family. What's more, it offers a lifetime's service. Not in the long run, but very soon, it pays for itself.

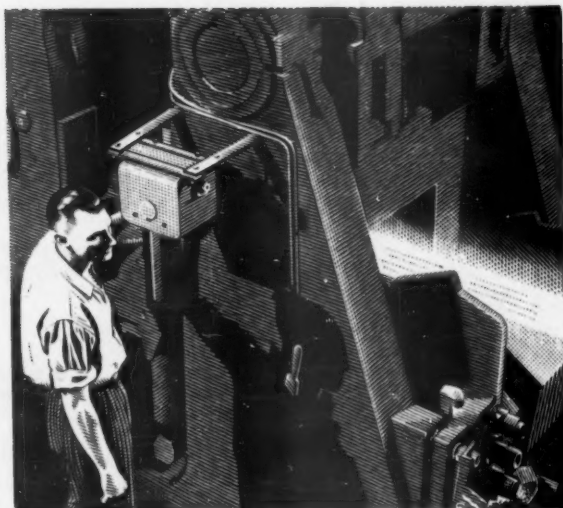


**SPARKLET**  
*Refillable* **SYPHON**

STANDARD MODEL 45/- STREAMLINE MODELS 74/9 & 84/-

From leading chemists and stores. Write for fully illustrated leaflet to  
DEPT. 10, SPARKLETS LTD., QUEEN STREET, TOTTENHAM, N.17





## Integration

The United Steel company consists of several closely integrated producing units, each works specialising in different kinds of product and retaining the advantages of autonomy within its specialised sphere.

These plants have been subject to a continuing process of modernisation, improvement and development to increase efficiency, expand output and to

achieve a balanced economy. No other iron and steel producer in the kingdom manufactures so many different products for so many different industries.

Between all producing units there is a free interchange of technical knowledge constantly utilised to advance productive efficiency, to improve the whole range of manufactures and to introduce many outstanding new products.



### THE UNITED STEEL COMPANIES LIMITED SHEFFIELD

APPLEBY-FRODINGHAM STEEL COMPANY • SAMUEL FOX & COMPANY LIMITED • STEEL PEECH & TOZER  
UNITED STRIP & BAR MILLS • WORKINGTON IRON & STEEL COMPANY • UNITED COKE & CHEMICALS COMPANY LIMITED  
UNITED STEEL STRUCTURAL COMPANY LIMITED • DISTINGTON ENGINEERING COMPANY LIMITED • YORKSHIRE ENGINE COMPANY LIMITED

# PAIN**T**



## versus weather

When you're decorating a bedroom, the durability of the paint you choose isn't all that important. But when you're painting the *outside* of a building it's absolutely vital — or the rain, the sun, the frost and the wind will play havoc with your property. There are houses three hundred years old standing today to testify to the extraordinary protective qualities of white lead paint. And remember, white lead paint resists cracking and flaking, keeps its surface in good condition for the next repaint, saves costs of preparation.

### White Lead Paint Lasts.

Magnet White Lead Base HARD GLOSS Paint is the up-to-date version of this trusty friend. Hard Gloss. Lasting Protection. A range of 32 intermixable colours. If your Decorator doesn't tell you, you tell your Decorator . . .

## MAGNET for the OUTSIDE

ASSOCIATED LEAD MANUFACTURERS LIMITED

LONDON • NEWCASTLE • CHESTER



**IT'S NEW!**  
**IT'S QUICK!**

**FLIT**  
REGD. TRADE MARK  
**AEROSOL**

**DOES THE TRICK!**



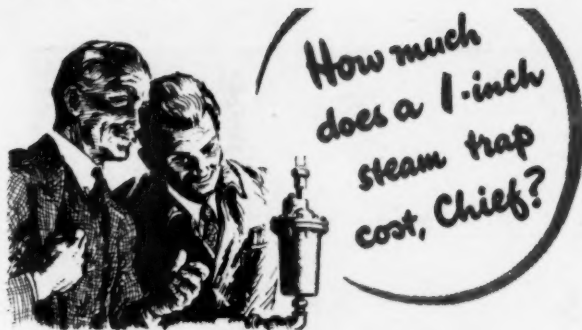
4 oz. .... 5/9  
6 oz. .... 7/6  
12 oz. .... 12/6



**5 SECONDS SPRAYING  
KILLS EVERY INSECT**



ANOTHER **Esso** PRODUCT



"How much does a 1-inch steam trap cost, Chief?"  
 "Depends on how many times you buy it, my lad."  
 "What d'you mean, Chief? You only buy one trap once."  
 "You're talking about how much you pay to get it in the first place, son. After that you go on paying. Paying for spares, paying for time to put 'em in, paying for lost production."  
 "Lost production, Chief? D'you mean while you're fiddling with the trap?"  
 "No, my lad. Take these presses. The hotter they are, the more they produce. The better they're trapped, the hotter they are. The cheapest trap is the one that traps best and wants least fiddling."  
 "Meaning Drayton/Armstrongs, Chief?"  
 "You've said it, my lad."

for  
 \* HIGHER production  
 \* LOWER maintenance  
 \* FUEL SAVING

[The Drayton hook on trapping explains all this and describes the Drayton/Armstrong range. It is well worth writing for.]

**DRAYTON Steam Traps**

DA 36

Drayton Regulator & Instrument Co. Ltd. West Drayton, Middlesex

**IN INGRAM**  
**YOU GET IT**  
**FOUR WAYS**

**CONCENTRATED**  
*for economy*

**MENTHOLATED**  
*for coolness*

**SUPER-FATTED**  
*for abundant lather*

**ANTISEPTIC**  
*for skin health*

**INGRAM**  
 SHAVING CREAM

THE COOL SHAVING CREAM  
 Ingrams' mentholated shaving cream has been specially developed to give you a cool, refreshing lather. It's the only shaving cream that's so good for your skin. It's the only shaving cream that's so good for your skin. It's the only shaving cream that's so good for your skin.

**INGRAM the original**  
**mentholated shaving cream**

**COMBINES ITS OWN FACE LOTION**

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS, LONDON AND NEW YORK

53/4/7

**Are you a slow bowler—**



*or can you  
 pull a fast one?*

Slow on the uptake or mentally alert? Fit for a century or feeling *fin de siècle*?

There's no need to be caught out, bowled over or stumped by difficult problems—whether it's a matter of how to set a field for a left-handed seam bowler with toothache or how to handle a rich uncle who thinks he can keep wicket.

When the ball starts shooting or you're faced with amateur 'bodyline', you need your wits about you. Keen cricketers find Andrews a great help. But even if you can't tell a Chinaman from a Japanese umpire, Andrews is the answer. Keeps you fit and on your toes. Tastes good, refreshes you after a day in the sun. Test it yourself. It's unmatched.

**ANDREWS FOR INNER CLEANLINESS**

G107/5/54





Sir Robert John Graham Boothby, K.B.E., M.P., has been sitting—if that sedentary phrase can describe his lively Parliamentary career—in the House of Commons for over a quarter of a century. Old Etonian and Oxford graduate, he was elected Member for East Aberdeenshire in 1924. Is a British delegate to the Consultative Assembly of the Council of Europe. Wrote a book called "I fight to live"; friends suggest he might well have called it "I live to fight"!

## "My Daily Mail" by SIR ROBERT BOOTHBY

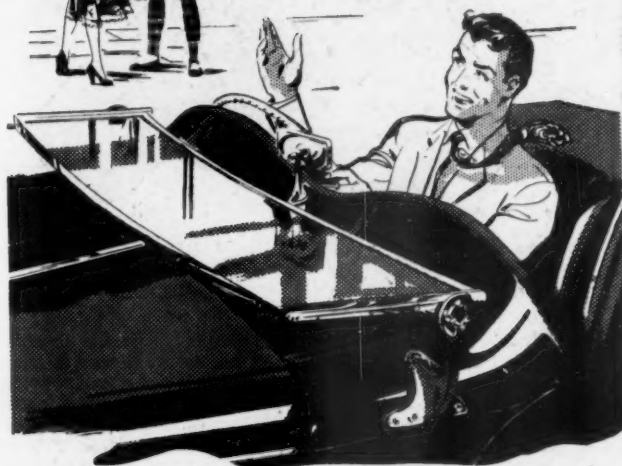
"ONE OF THE THINGS I like about the Daily Mail is that it consistently maintains a high standard of journalism, and a great tradition. It was the first of the popular dailies, which have revolutionised all our lives. And it bears the stamp of the greatest genius of modern journalism, Northcliffe.

The first thing I want from my morning paper is news, and in the Daily Mail I get it. The reporting is clear and objective. It is also well informed. Then I want views—and entertainment; and, sometimes, a combination of the two. I get this as well. I find the

reviews of books, plays, films and broadcasting intelligent and interesting—brightly but never triely written; and I know of no more vivid pictures of the kaleidoscopic American scene than those painted by Don Iddon.

Last, but not least, there are the leading articles on the front page. You may or may not agree with the views they put forward with such forthright vigour, but you know that they are the considered opinions of a paper which has the courage of its convictions."

## The sports car with winning ways\*



A captivating car to look at and a winner on the track, this new T.F. series M.G. Midget is all set to be the most popular of the breed!

That longer and slightly lower bonnet houses an engine more vigorously alive than ever. And see what a lovely line the bowed radiator and streamlined headlamps give her!

Your M.G. dealer will arrange a trial run.



Safety-glass  
is a standard  
M.G. feature.

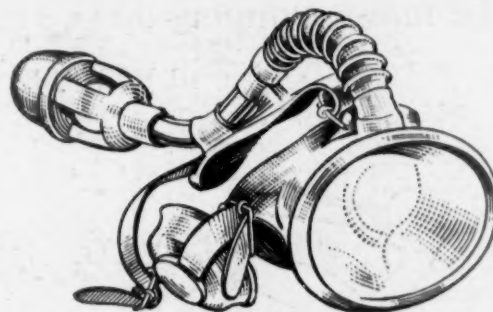
**\*AGAIN—MG MIDGETS WIN  
TEAM AWARD IN CIRCUIT OF  
IRELAND RALLY**

The team prize in this major event, which covers a gruelling 1000-mile circuit, has now been awarded to MG teams at five of the last six meetings—a remarkable record of consistent success.



**NUFFIELD SERVICE IN EUROPE** Qualified M.G. owners planning a Continental tour are invited to see their M.G. dealer for details of a free service to save foreign currency.

THE M.G. CAR COMPANY LIMITED, SALES DIVISION, COWLEY, OXFORD  
London Showrooms: Stratton House, 80 Piccadilly, London, W.1  
Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Limited, Cowley, Oxford, and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1



## Weird and wonderful

Not, as you might imagine, for lunar exploration or space travel, but for an equally fascinating pastime.

Any underwater swimmer will tell you at once that this is a Diving Mask complete with Breathing Tube. He will also tell you that the best people for this and every other type of sports equipment are, of course—

Our fully illustrated  
Underwater Sports  
Equipment catalogue  
is available on request

*Lillywhites*

PICCADILLY CIRCUS, S.W.1, ALSO EDINBURGH AND BOURNEMOUTH

have you ever enjoyed a



the *real* thing—mixed to the original recipe—is so different because it's made with the one and only

**PLYMOUTH**  
*the GIN*

*of pre-war perfection \**



\* PERFECT - plain (with water) or pink, or with tonic, vermouth, cordials, etc.

## The finest summing up in years, m'lud



You be the judge! Yes—you, m'lud . . . and you m'lud . . . and you, m'lud! Just pull up your Bench to the Breakfast table.

This, m'lud, is the Stork that begs leave to appeal—because the Law insists on calling it Stork Margarine.

Stork Margarine, with a creamy taste like that—strangely conflicting evidence, m'lud.

Justice is not only blind, but she's got no palate either! What is Stork? Seriously? Well, of course, it is margarine: but through scrupulous selection and skilful blending of the choicest of natural fats, it's not recognisable as such.

So the Law insists that we harp constantly on what is better forgotten. Still a rose by any other name . . .

What's more, Stork Margarine contained Vitamins A and D for a good six years before Authority took the tip and required other margarines to follow suit.

Since then we've always had a tolerant sort of affection for Authority in all its forms.

*The Law and The Palate beg to differ—*

**THE LAW CALLS STORK MARGARINE**

VAN DEN BERGH & JURGENS LIMITED, LONDON, E.C.4

JB 20-449



Good binoculars are an expensive item at the best of times; consequently they should be selected with the greatest care. Naturally, there are different types for different activities and you will know best which suits you, just as you know that they must be made by Ross—

the household name for binoculars everywhere. The Steptron binocular illustrated is an excellent general purpose type of eight magnifications with coated lenses and large object glasses to give maximum brilliance in dull weather. Price including tax on leather case £32.0.11

ROSS ENSIGN LIMITED · LONDON · E.17



## Oil painting by numbers . . .

**C**RRAFT MASTER offers an entirely new method of producing beautiful oil paintings. Ready mixed, numbered oil colours are painted in the correspondingly numbered designs on the printed canvas . . . It's just as easy as that! A delightful summer pastime, relaxing and

easy to handle. Craft Master can be taken into the garden, summer house, porch, or where you choose. For youngsters in the formative years Craft Master is both instructive and satisfying. The finished picture is a genuine oil painting with all its lasting qualities.

No. 1 set - 16" x 12"  
choice of 24 subjects 14/11d.

No. 2 set - 24" x 18"  
choice of 6 subjects 29/11d.

Craft Master accessories include Frame Kits, Brush Kits & Varnish Kits

Craft Master can be ordered by post with confidence from

**JENNERS**  
PRINCES STREET EDINBURGH  
LIMITED





## It's a gentleman's life for the stoker of this **NEW AGAMATIC**

**N**ow this really IS a boiler. Not only handsome, but it *works*.

The Agamatic never goes out: never. It looks after itself — and you — with care. No seeing-to. No dampers. It has a thermostat instead.

The Agamatic heats the water very quickly, very cheaply, very hot. To make better use of heat, it has a number of devices which you may seek but will not find in any other boiler. It uses the cheapest of all water-heating fuels, which is coke. It is perfectly safe, perfectly clean, perfectly reliable.

There is next to no work to it: a pedal opens the ashpit door; the top lifts up easily with your bare hand; when you riddle it fine ash never flies about the room — there is a screen to stop it.

The Agamatic heats the water for a tank of 40 to 100 gallons; that is, gives up to four baths an hour, or heats up to 200 sq. ft. of central heating; or it will do some of each, superbly.

It is more economical than you would think possible.

Its price is £55. With special soft-water-area water-jacket it costs £60 (*ex works*). If you wish, there can be one or two years' Hire Purchase.

You will have to go a long way to find a more capable boiler than the



*Sir! Your coupon.* Fill it in now, please.

TO AGA HEAT LTD., 102/5 Orchard House, Orchard Street, London, W.1

Please tell me all you can about the New Agamatic boiler.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

## JEWELS OF INDUSTRY



**LUCAS**

More and more of Britain's leading manufacturers are discovering the advantages of Lucas Three Dimensional Translucent Mouldings. They give an air of distinction to most products—combining style and dignity with the proved sales-appeal of colour and depth of image.

Fadeless, durable in service, they keep their sparkle and "life" indefinitely—more than repaying the moderate cost.

Lucas were pioneers of plastics in this country and the first in this field of decorative mouldings.

*With these new mouldings your products will have that extra appeal and be modern in style and sales-attractive. Our Industrial Designs Department can help you.*

## 3D Translucent Mouldings

JOSEPH LUCAS LTD • BIRMINGHAM 19 • ENGLAND  
MANUFACTURERS OF QUALITY EQUIPMENT FOR CARS • COMMERCIAL VEHICLES • MOTOR CYCLES etc.



Roman head of JUNO

## Opinion is the great lady that rules the world—

JAMES HOWELL (1574—1666)

The first requisite of a great nation is an exacting public opinion. It is the surest guarantee of high standards of its conduct; the verdict of the nation, sitting as a jury. For individuals, to be 'easy to please' is no great sin; but a nation that is 'easy to please' has seen the last of its greatness.

How is such an opinion formed? All have a share—the world of education, the press, the cinema and stage, literature, parliament . . . and the public house. On it rests the fate of governments, and the fate of film stars. Industry has a part of its own to play in its creation: by maintaining, and continually raising, the standard of its social and economic contribution to the community.

When opinion has ceased to be 'a Great Lady', and has become a satisfied drudge, we shall be the poorer.



Esso Petroleum Company, Limited





Those very qualities which have won for Dettol the confidence of surgeons and doctors in our leading hospitals, are the same qualities, precisely, that make it most suitable for use in your home. Germs are quite invisible to the naked eye, and in the cleanest house there are things and places in which germs may breed.

You will be wise to learn from the hospital.

Use Dettol promptly wherever and whenever infection threatens.

**'DETTOL'**  
REGD.  
THE SAFE WAY TO SAFETY

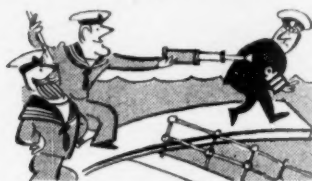


## CHARIVARIA

**C**OVENTRY'S demonstration of how the civilian population might fare under nuclear bombardment has disclosed hitherto unforeseen problems, and it is thought that a new Civil Defence pamphlet will shortly be coming off the Stationery Office presses. This will lay down for fire-fighting units the correct drill for hosing obstructive Socialist councillors off the streets.

### Wave of Relief

**N**EWSPAPER readers are attuned just now to tales of national discredit and unrest, and bravely screwed up their courage to face more melancholy news under the recent headline "Warship Grounds, Crew



Walk Off." For once, things might have been worse. The warship was one of the smaller craft, the navigational blunder was just a matter of a misjudged tide, and the crew of six made their way to a Shoreham bus stop in an orderly manner.

### Ain't No Justice

**"C**ROWDS Obey Royal Wish," reported the *Daily Sketch* after the Queen had been to church near Balmoral. Everyone, it seemed, behaved with sympathetic detachment and "there was not a motor coach in sight." For *Daily Mirror* readers, however, the scene around the "little kirk" was presented differently. Under the heading "'Leave the Queen in Peace' Plea Is Ignored" the story was told of how hundreds of tourists flocked to the spot, mobile police were called out to keep the traffic moving, and a nearby field was "jammed with cars and tourist buses." The only explanation seems

to be that the *Daily Sketch* reporter obeyed the Royal wish and stayed away, while the *Mirror* man ignored it and didn't. It was hard on the *Sketch*, really, because they had to pad out with a passage about the Duke of Edinburgh wearing a kilt, while the *Mirror*, in the pew behind, could report him in a light grey suit, and "singing as loudly as any member of the choir."

### Silent Service

**I**T was not until some time after the reports of sensational realism in recent Army and Air Force exercises, with well-simulated cases of brutality towards "prisoners," that any sort of statement could be got out of spokesmen at the War Office and Air Ministry. It is thought that over-enthusiastic participants may have set upon the public relations officers there and sealed up their lips with tape.

### Stickler

**C**HARGES of espionage by the West are brought afresh by Major-General Moskovsky, writing in the Soviet Army newspaper, *Red Star*; Americans, claims the general, are



parachuting their agents into Russian territory, "in direct contravention of international ethics." The proper course, as is well known, is an Embassy posting as Air Attachés.

### Strip-Poker Next?

**S**OME concern is reported from the headquarters of the National Panel Game Members' Union since Miss Barbara Kelly gave away her personal jewellery to a challenger the other Sunday. Though conceding that all methods are admissible in the struggle

to retain and enhance public esteem an N.P.G.M.U. spokesman points out that the dignity of members could easily suffer if detachable items of costume were to be constantly handed over in this way. A rule is proposed that only garments and accessories worn below the waist should qualify as donations.

### Odds are Even

**U**NDER an arrangement made between ourselves and Switzerland on social insurance, a Briton injured in Switzerland, or a Swiss injured in Britain, will be able to claim whatever sick-benefit he has qualified for in his



own country. In view of British proneness to carelessness in the Alps, the ready participation by the Swiss in such an agreement seems to err on the side of generosity. It should be remembered, however, that a Swiss visiting Britain must take his chance with the rest of us of being coshed, slashed, knocked down or beaten up any time he puts his nose outside his hotel.

### Duck Behind the Sphinx

**W**AR Office authorities, aware that there have been fifty-three attacks on British soldiers in the Suez Canal Zone since the beginning of April, have been giving some thought to the latest travel brochure published in Cairo which begins: "At the very moment when you are setting your feet on Egyptian soil we wish to assure you of our friendship and hospitality. Welcome, welcome to our land." It is thought that they may consider adopting the device, once popular in areas of unrest, of dressing up Army detachments as tourists, when they would presumably qualify for gentler treatment. Records

show that in the whole of May only two British civilians were actually shot at by their Egyptian hosts.

### Wings of Song

**I**N advertising in the *Mid-Sussex Times* for a lost bird cage containing a stuffed yellow and black bird, the Glyndebourne Opera Company are perhaps unwise in offering a reward of a free seat during its forthcoming season. Finders of bird cages containing stuffed yellow and black birds are not necessarily opera lovers, and may hesitate to give the bird to the opera for fear of being tempted to give the opera the bird.

### Most Unfavoured Nation

**A**MERICANS are having to become more shock-absorbent every day. The latest alarmist information comes to them from the Alsop brothers writing in the *Washington Post*, and describes how the Pentagon is now within range of Russia's latest guided missiles with hydrogen warheads. At the same time, the *Daily Telegraph* headline, "Ethiopia Wants American Capital" is surely to be widely reprinted over there.

### Birthday List

**N**OW every wife who happens to share

A new-coined title can prepare

For a golden harvest off it,  
Being luckily born in a country where  
In the press, on the screen, and over  
the air

An honour is not without profit.



**O**F all the spring and summer flowers which prink our meadows and prank our fields, what are lovelier or more widely distributed than the bright blossoms of the litter family? They vary in colour from the gay reds, purples and oranges of the chocolate wrapping to the more delicate and familiar hues of the cigarette carton. And few will have failed to notice the humble toffee paper peeping among the spring violets or the summer roses. No rambler by stream-side and meadow bank but can have been delighted by the old buckets and motor tyres thrown into our trout rivers, and who is there who has not seen the fried-fish bag lying empty on the grass, the subtle grey grease stains dappling its surface and giving off a friendly smell of hot whale oil and candle grease in the fresher specimen?

The potato-crisp bag is a smaller variety of the same species, and though it is less immediately obtrusive, the bright colours of the advertising matter printed on its transparent tissue draw the attention of all nature-lovers. The torn newspaper is a more usual sight, and though from a distance it may not seem worthy of examination, a closer inspection will reveal old murders, forgotten pacts or the glimpse of some provocative torso, all reminders of the high state of our civilization. There is not space here to tell of the many other fascinating specimens of litter which adorn our glorious countryside—the crushed matchbox, the torn-up betting card, the football coupon and those more intimate personal articles which may be found near public footpaths.

Unfortunately there are busybodies and kill-joys to-day who wish to see this rich profusion confined to the narrow limits of the litter-basket wherein all specimens are thrown higgledy-piggledy regardless of variety, in a way that is wholly unnatural. There are even those who go so far as to say that we should not distribute litter at all, but confine it to our pockets or picnic baskets. Let us remind ourselves that this is a free country and we can throw what we like where we like and feel proud of it.

And now I want to send a special message to the Kiddiz. The Kiddiz are our future rulers, indeed they are our rulers, and everything must be done

## LONG, LONG TRAIL

to educate them visually as well as socially and economically. Well here are some suggestions, Kiddiz, which teacher may not have told you.

(1) When you are going back from school, do not throw old exercise books and sweet and ice-cream wrappings on the pavement only. Tear them up a bit, and throw some on the pavement and the rest over fences into people's front gardens.

(2) When you are taken off in a luxury coach to see some dull old cathedral, have your lunch in the cathedral by all means, but don't leave all your picnic remains in the nave, save some to distribute in the cloisters and the close.

(3) If you are eating oranges or bananas or ices, do not throw skins and papers from the coach into the town, where the public cleaning officers may see them and even remove them; wait until you get into the country and then throw them away.

(4) Smash your milk and cherryade bottles and leave the fragments on the road to puncture the tyres of bicyclists or on the beach to puncture the bare feet of pedestrians.

Finally let us remember that everything belongs to everyone and we can do exactly what we like with anything we see.

JOHN BETJEMAN

6 6

### Lament for Loch Lomond

**T**HEY'RE selling a' for wantonness  
The banks and braes o' Luss;  
Which, though of interest to the Press,  
Is not so hot for us.

For aye Loch Lomond reaves the soul  
Of a' the dowie Scots;  
So if they cannot sell it whole,  
They'll sell in separate lots:

And this at least is cause for thanks  
In these commercial days,  
That ye may tak' the bonnie banks  
And I the bonnie braes.

And ye a ben and I a glen,  
Until we twa be bust,  
And in the last resort, ye ken,  
We'll try the National Trust.

P. M. HUBBARD



# BEAUTY SPOT, 1954



*"The cost of collecting litter in the Royal Parks in London in 1953 was about £12,000 . . . About sixteen tons of litter were removed from St. James's Park on May 15."—Sir David Eccles, Minister of Works*



## Put Me Among the Earls

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

**A** CRITIC, with whose name I will not sully my typewriter, was giving me the sleeve across the windpipe the other day for including so many members of the Peerage in the casts of characters of my books. Specifically, he accused me of an undue fondness for Earls.

Well, of course, now that I come to tot up the score, I realize that in the course of my literary career I have featured quite a number of these fauna, but as I often say . . . well, perhaps once a fortnight . . . Why not? I see no objection to Earls. A most respectable class of men they seem to me. And one admires their spirit. I mean, while some, of course, have come up the easy way, many have had the dickens of a struggle, starting at the bottom of the ladder as mere Hons, having to go in to dinner

after the Vice-Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and all that sort of thing.

Show me the Hon who by pluck and determination has raised himself from the depths, step by step, till he becomes entitled to keep a coronet on the hat peg in the downstairs cupboard, and I will show you a man of whom any author might be proud to write.

Earls on the whole have made a very good showing in fiction. With Baronets setting them a bad example by being almost uniformly steeped in crime, they have preserved a gratifyingly high standard of behaviour. There is seldom anything wrong with the Earl in fiction, if you don't mind a touch of haughtiness and a tendency to have heavy eyebrows and draw them together in a formidable frown, like the one in Little Lord Fauntleroy. And in real life I can think

of almost no Earls whose hearts were not as pure and fair as those of dwellers in the lowlier air of Seven Dials.

Oh yes. Earl Carroll. He caused a lot of talk in New York some years ago by giving a party at which a girl took a bath in champagne with, if I have the story rightly, not so much as a Bikini bathing-suit on. But he was not a member of the Peerage, he was a theatrical producer. (That is a thing you have to be careful of in America. Earl is a Christian name.)

Our literature, lacking Earls, would have been a great deal poorer. Shakespeare would have been lost without them. Everyone who has written for the theatre knows how difficult it is to get people off the stage unless you can think of a good exit speech. That is why, as you pass through Bloomsbury and other

literary quarters, you see haggard men wandering about and sticking straws in their hair as they mutter:

"Life, dear lady . . ."

"Life, dear lady, is like . . ."

"Dear lady, I have but two objections to life. One is that it . . ."

Than which nothing is sadder.

Shakespeare had no such problem. With more Earls than he knew what to do with, he was on velvet. One need only quote those well-known lines from his *Henry the Seventh, Part One*:

My lord of Sydenham, bear our royal word

To Brixton's Earl, the Earl of

Wormwood Scrubs,

Our faithful liege, the Earl of

Dulwich (East),

And those of Beckenham, Penge and

Peckham Rye,

Together with the Earl of Hampton

Wick:

Bid them to haste like cats when

struck with brick,

For they are needed in our battle line,

And stitch in time doth ever save

full nine.

[Exeunt Omnes. Trumpets and

hautboys

"Pie!" Shakespeare used to say to Burbage as he slapped the stuff down, and Burbage would agree that Shakespeare earned his money easily.

A thing about Earls I have never understood, and never liked to ask anyone for fear of betraying my ignorance, is why one Earl is the Earl of Whoosis and another Earl just Earl Smith. I always think Earl Smith sounds a bit abrupt, almost like a nickname. I have an idea—I may be wrong—that the "of" boys have a slight social edge on the others, like the aristocrats in Germany who are able to call themselves "Von." One can picture the Earl of Brighton being introduced to Earl Hove at a cocktail party. The host says "Oh, Percy, I want you to meet Earl Hove," and hurries away to attend to his other guests. There is a brief interval during which the two agree that this is the rottenest party they were ever at and possibly exchange a remark or two about the weather, then the Earl of Brighton speaks:

"I didn't quite get the name. Earl of Hove, did he say?"

"No, just Earl Hove."

My lord of Brighton blinks as if he had been struck between the eyes with a wet fish. A coldness creeps into his manner.

"You mean plain Earl Hove?"

"That's right."

"No 'of'?"

"No, no 'of.'"

"Good God!"

There is a tense silence. You can see the Earl of Brighton's lip curling.

"Ah, well," he says at length, "it takes all sorts to make a world, does it not?" and Earl Hove slinks off with his ears pinned back and drinks far too many sherries in the hope of restoring his self-respect. Practically all the Earls who are thrown sobbing out of cocktail parties are non-ofs. They can't take it, poor devils.

I don't think I have much more to say

on this subject, though I know you would gladly have me ramble on for ever. I will merely add that in certain parts of America—notably Brooklyn—if the resident wishes to attract the attention of a visiting Earl he shouts "Hey, Oil!"

#### Alla marcia

"This work, planned originally as a *Suite Française* for piano, was completed in 1917 while Ravel was still serving with the French forces, four movements of which were orchestrated two years later."

Birmingham concert programme



"I'm afraid I'm a very negative conversationalist."



# If Your Lordship Pleases

By GEOFFREY LINCOLN

**H**ER MAJESTY'S Judges are, as everyone knows, a race completely apart. Knocking up some eight thousand a year, with a pension of around five thousand, they may seem to the uninformed layman to occupy a somewhat enviable position. In fact, as they are the first to point out, their lot is very hard, they work from 10.30 until 4 p.m. for at least nine months in every year, they pay as they earn and often have to travel on the Tube. As an occupational risk they have to avoid being found drunk in charge of motor-cars or on enclosed premises after dark. For the advocate, the conduct of most cases would be far easier without them. However, as they are there, some sort of approach to them has to be worked out.

Judges can be divided into various categories. There are the plain ghastly, nowadays a dying race, who are rumoured to order double helpings of muffins after death sentences. There are the scholarly, who are inclined to make Greek epigrams at witnesses in factory accident cases, to the complete bewilderment of everyone in Court except one aged solicitor who laughs alone and far too loud. There are bluff, hearty Judges who grow restive after lunch time on Fridays, and there are kindly, courteous Judges who are polite to everyone. Of these the ghastly are often the most just, the scholarly the most obtuse, the hearty the least reliable and the courteous the most difficult to deal with.

The advocate is expected to contend with all these types, and what everyone

secretly hopes is that he will have a row with them. As he is also expected to win his cases he will rarely do so, but it is true that nothing enhances a barrister's reputation so much as a good row with a Judge. Everyone remembers F. E. Smith because when a Judge said to him "What do you think I am here for?" he replied "Who am I to question the inscrutable ways of Providence?" No one remembers his opponent, who probably took advantage of this regrettable crack to win the case. However, at the slightest sign of truculence at the Bar, at even the smallest edge put to the remark "By now that point should be clear *even* to your Lordship," ancient solicitors' managing clerks quiver like young girls at bull fights and the ushers are delightedly reminded of the alleged days of Sir Edward Marshall Hall.

On the whole, if you have your client's interests at heart, it is best to deny the onlookers this pleasure and be polite to the Judge. This consists of telling him how you are much obliged to him and asking if he pleases at various intervals and laughing uproariously at his invariably aimless jokes. The point of a Judge's joke is, of course, not that it should be funny but that it should be there at all. When a Judge leans back with the sad expression of one about to embark on a joke the barristers look nervously at each other in case they should overlook the moment at which they are meant to laugh. There are two sorts of Judges' jokes, the sort that are designed to show his childlike innocence in face of the complexities of modern

life, and the sort which start off "I remember when the late Theo Matthew . . ." Of the two, the second is preferable as having a period charm.

Loud laughter at judicial sallies is desirable and will keep your ex-charges with the Judge on a reasonable level of politeness. If he then wants to say something rude and quite unhelpful to you he will at least begin "It might assist you to know what is passing through my

mind," and you can begin your only slightly offended reply: "With the very greatest respect . . ." If he continues to let you know what is passing through his mind, another telling gambit is to ask him a quite irrelevant question and, just as he opens his mouth to answer it, say, in a loud voice, "I ask the question, of course, purely rhetorically, my Lord," thereby making the most astute Judge gasp for air. The golden rule, however, with any Judge, is to keep your eye firmly on the clock. As soon as the hands reach ten minutes to one it is time to say, even if you are in the middle of a sentence, "I am now passing to another topic. Would your Lordship find that a convenient moment to adjourn?" The look of surprised delight in those hungry eyes is worth another witness. With all Judges it is the hour before lunch that is the most tricky.

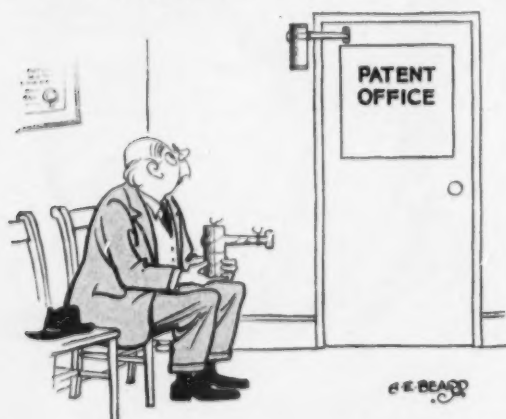
By and large, Judges have improved, and many of them are now mild-mannered men with television sets and houses at Purley. They are no longer scarlet-and-ermined ogres tortured by gout or fired by claret, from whose courts impressionable junior barristers would totter green and trembling. They deserve, therefore, and usually get, kindly treatment. Exceptional cases occur. A long while ago someone threw a dead cat at a harmless County Court Judge. After dodging neatly, he uttered the most severe rebuke of which he seemed capable: "I warn you," he said, "should you do that again, the consequences may be extremely serious."

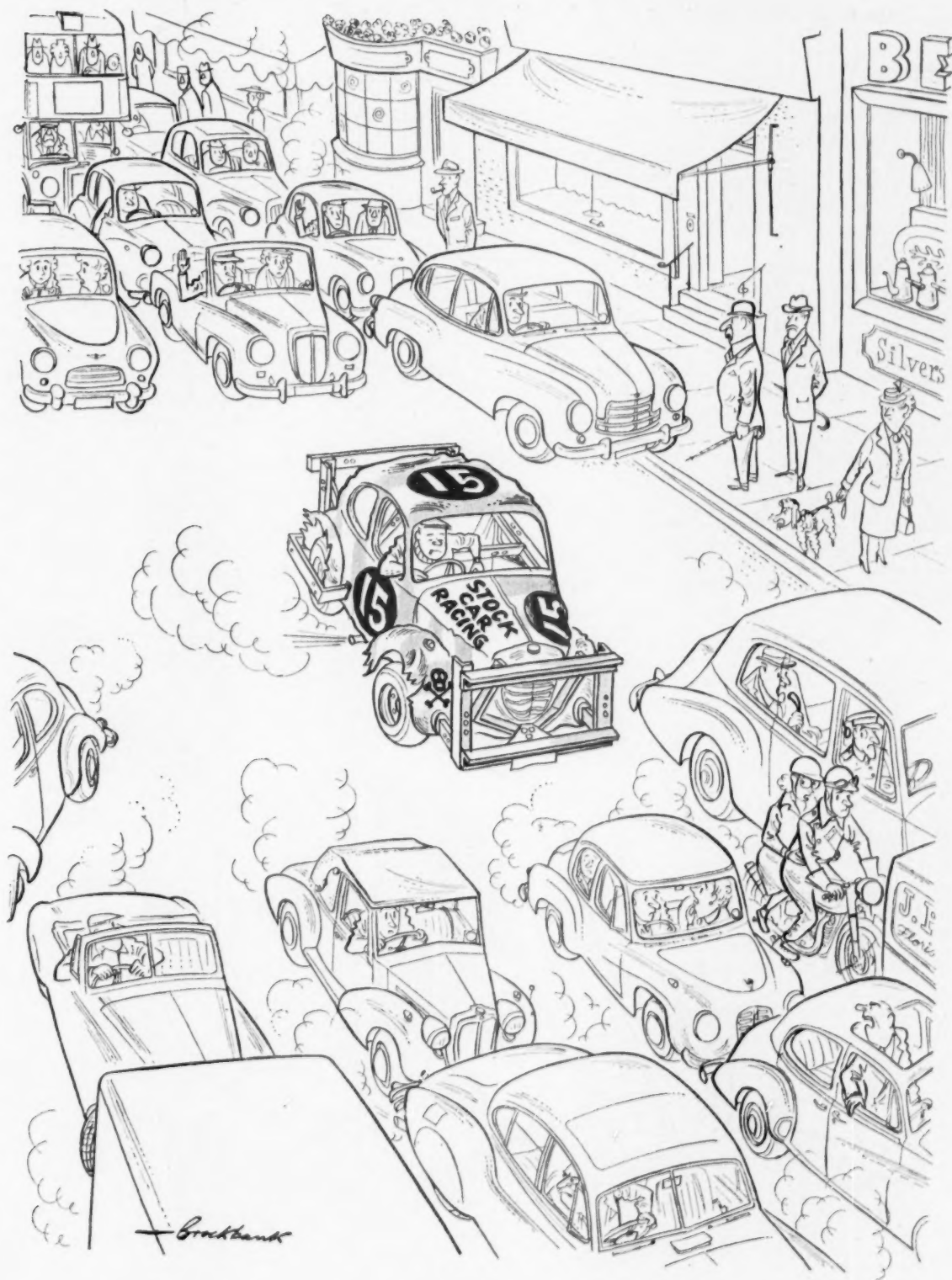
But these are peaceful days in the forensic arena. It is not really necessary to come to Court armed with dead cats. It is sufficient to say, with whatever expression of anger, despair, disgust or plain bewilderment you care to put into it, "If your Lordship pleases . . ."

"A woman who said she was hit in the shoulder by a pellet from an airgun told Liverpool County magistrates, to-day, that she saw two youths with a gun. 'They kept firing rude remarks at me,' she said."

Liverpool Echo

She shouldn't have unrolled them.





*A Journalist Looks Back*

## The Willing Worker

By CLAUD COCKBURN

IT's all very well to talk, but the fact remains that, upon people who do not feel so especially good, people who seem to be especially good make an intimidating impression. I speak of moral goodness, excellence of character.

On account of forgetting what I had once been told in this connection I have had one or two not so happy times, one of these times having been had at the foundation meeting of the United Nations, held in San Francisco. There were a lot of fine, integrated, worthwhile people there—like Clement Attlee, and Rita Hayworth, and Secretary of State Edward J. Stettinius, who, relaxing after dinner, could sing "Home on the Range" like a Secretary of State relaxing after dinner, and the man from the *Economist*, and the Vice-Presidents of the Oakland City Chamber of Commerce, and the bar-keep who remembered

San Francisco in the grand old days of the Barbary Coast, quite a character, you just *had* to meet him—but for me there was a shadow across it all cast by this man that came into my life and talked like Abraham Lincoln rebuking vacillation, and looked a little like Abraham Lincoln too, only nobler.

He came into my hotel room one morning at breakfast time with a letter saying he was a V. I. Red P. from Seattle, and he would like to have my angle on the over-all picture, and after listening a few minutes he sighed and said did I want him to tell me what the real trouble with me was, because that was what he was going to tell me.

"Trouble with a guy like you is," he said, sighing and snarling at the vileness of it all, "you're inadequate, see? Just pitifully inadequate." He went on to make clear that in his view all the Reds in England, and more particularly the

*Daily Worker*, whose correspondent I was, were just pitifully inadequate too. We didn't get any action. Just playing around. A bunch of. Well, could I name any action we were getting that was worth while?

As for him, he didn't play around. He was the real thing. From his measured talk one could deduce that here was the true revolutionary, and if he'd been born in time he'd have given Lenin a wrinkle or so. This was a man fearless without bravado, devoted without sentimentality, engaging in tasks of social advancement requiring nearly superhuman intelligence, energy, and self-discipline. One realized that if he had not already given his life for the people's cause that was only because History was saving him up for the big night.

He was there right through the Conference, and whenever he turned up at a



"...and keep me safe from falling out. Amen."



reception the words Weighed and Found Wanting formed themselves before my eyes on the imitation adobe wall behind the champagne bar. His existence haunted and shamed me then and for months afterwards—right up, in fact, to the day when I saw an account of some American political trial where he turned up as an important Government anti-red witness, identified as a veteran F.B.I. undercover agent and *provocateur*.

Naturally, I was rather glad that I had not lived up to him, and I remembered the thing I had been told which I ought to have remembered before. It was told me by an American who, at the end of World War I, had been so deep in the Ionage business (Esp and Countersp), that he had formed the theory that all, but all, the leading politicians and generals and prominent national thinkers on each side were undercover agents of the other side. He said it was the only rational way to account for what went on.

I could not but remark that if the situation were such that even General Ludendorff had really been in the pay of the British all that time it must make the business of detecting spies and agents terribly, terribly difficult. He then said this important thing I keep referring to.

"All you got to do," he said, "is watch out for the Googooos."

"The Googooos?"

"The fellows that are so good it hurts. The ones that are too good to be true."

If I could have held on to this thought right through early manhood and middle age it would have saved me a lot of grief. The fact that I couldn't is probably attributable to this Guilt thing you read about which makes such big sales for the comic strips and the B-pictures. Village gossip says there are more Googooos on the Left than on the Right, which I personally, having been brought up a goodish way Right of Centre, take leave to disbelieve. (I need only remind you of old Thingummy, whom it would be libellous to describe more exactly.)

However, owing to the train of events, it was Left ones that chiefly terrorized me. There was a man that came and helped me at *The Week* once, who was so upright he made my fingers slip on the typewriter keys and I had to go down to the local to do my work. That went on for weeks until I found out that



"... There's a queue, madam...!"

what he did when I was absent was to purloin small sums of money and use my telephone to sell items from my private correspondence.

But the Googoo that afflicted me worst and longest was one at the *Daily Worker*. Most of my friends and fellow-workers there were not at all Googoo types, and they included two or three heroes. (For in case anyone is getting at all depressed or cynical it may be stated that there are probably as many heroes here and there as there are Googooos.)

Naturally, I didn't know to begin with that this fellow Bleader—he is dead now, or in Canada—was a Googoo at all. I thought he was going to be a typical fellow-worker and wondered whether I should ever make the grade. He lived out in north-east London and quite early on I had occasion to call on him one Sunday morning. When I found him sitting reading a volume of

Engels in a room furnished only with a poker-work portrait of Joseph Stalin, further decorated by a hammer and sickle in red tinfoil, I should, of course, have been warned. On the contrary, I was humbled. I didn't see how I could ever live up to that man, but I certainly strained myself trying.

Opportunity came when I accompanied him as a fellow-reporter to some big conference in London. At the lunch interval I was horribly hungry and thirsty, and humbly suggested that it was our duty to the paper not to waste time queueing for the stale buns and tea at the conference canteen but go to a restaurant. My idea was that I was going to show him that when I said "restaurant" I meant something serviceable but as austere as poker-work.

I took him to a place in Soho which, even for those days, was cheap, and even for these days would be nasty. When we got there, it was full of low-paid office

workers getting as decent a meal as they could. Vile as was the food, the restaurant did have the merit of serving a very cheap but quite good claret, and all around were people trying very gallantly to prolong their summer holidays a little by eating almost nothing and spending what was left of half a crown on this wine.

From the point of view of demonstrating to Bleader my essential austerity, my indifference to the fleshpots, the place seemed to me entirely satisfactory. I sat down with a smug smile. Bleader looked slowly round the restaurant with his unflinching pop-eyes, and then a long shudder shook him. I was horrified. I thought I had overdone it. I apologized, saying I realized the place was not very good, but after all we were in a hurry to dash back to the Conference were we not?

He disregarded me, his eyes popping now at the ninepenny glass of wine on the table next to us.

"It nearly chokes me," he said, nibbling a piece of sardine and then choking. I apologized again.

"It's the bourgeois atmosphere I can't stand," he said. "These fat capitalist gluttons, gorging themselves in restaurants like this all over the West

End. Just look at their faces. Greed, gluttony. And because they have no work to do they can well afford to drink themselves half insensible on wine at midday."

He shuddered again, and it was probably that last shudder which shook the scales from my eyes. At any rate I was one of the few fellow-workers who was not at all surprised when, a couple of months later, the man Bleader was exposed as an undercover agent of an

organization very hostile to us indeed, and was discovered to have been selling to them regular reports of our activities.

It was a big relief to me.

6 6

"Two ladies' wigs, as new, dressed, light brown, curly. Also collection past famous actresses, perfect condition."

*Brighton and Hove Herald*

We're interested. Miss Langtry available?

## Alfred, Lord Tennyson rashly contemplates a Morning Dip

XXXIX

Rise up, O bright and tranquil Sun,  
And touch the wave with glowing fire,  
That outward deed and weak desire,  
Too long disjoin'd, may be as one.

Rise up beyond the eastern hill  
And burn along the margent sea:  
Rise up, O Sun, and wake in me  
The stern resolve, the iron will;

Rise up, in rich abundance pour  
Thy genial warmth from yonder sky;  
Outspread thy fiery beams, that I  
Delaying long, delay no more.

XI.

Thou com'st, much look'd for; yet a breeze  
Shivers the dawn: the waters meet  
About my still reluctant feet,  
And upward surge about my knees.

Uncertain, on the brink I stand  
Like ice, and turn my wistful eyes  
Backward, where in the sunlight lies  
The safe and comfortable land.

No more; from out the swirling foam,  
The moaning of the mighty main,  
The deep that beckons me in vain,  
A warmer prospect calls me home.

I dress; beside the distant sea  
I hear a voice cry "All is well,"  
And know that somewhere in The Bell  
The coffee steams, and waits for me.

G. H. VALLINS







# Try Not to Worry

By H. F. ELLIS

SINCE the incident, here to be recorded, is intended mainly to reassure those with little or no experience of taking a car to the Continent, I will begin with a brief note on the *Carnet de Passages en Douanes*.

The *carnet*, which makes it possible for you to drive your car from country to country without paying duty on it in each, consists of a series of perforated sheets, each sheet having the particulars of the vehicle entered on it in duplicate side by side. The outer part of the sheet is detached by the customs officials when you enter a country, and the inner part when you leave. Thus each country retains, as a memento of your visit, two complete records of the weight of your car, the number of its wheels, value of radio set, whether fitted with roof-rack, etc. This must be a comfort to them. What is actually *done* with these duplicate lists need not concern us. The one detached at Boulogne travels ultimately, I should guess, to some great central depot near Paris, where it meets the duplicate removed at Basle or Hendaye. The two would then be pinned together by some highly-paid official, cancelled in green ink, and filed for reference. But none of this should cause the traveller a moment's worry. At no stage, in my experience, is any attempt made actually to compare the list with the vehicle it purports to describe.

However, there is rather more to the *carnet* than this. Even when the duplicate lists have been detached there still remains a *counterfoil*, and this counterfoil has spaces, at top and bottom respectively, for an "Entrée" stamp and a "Sortie" stamp. "It is the responsibility of the Customs Officials" (I am quoting from the A.A.'s helpful pamphlet "Going Abroad?") "to see that the 'Entry' is recorded, and *yours* to ensure that the 'Exit' is truly and properly stamped."

How much ought you to worry about this counterfoil? Is it really necessary, when leaving a country, to watch the customs official like a hawk to make sure that he applies his "Sortie" stamp before he hands the *carnet* back?

The A.A. obviously think so. Indeed, they print a special note inside the *carnet* itself warning you that if the counterfoil is not properly stamped *you may be sent back to get it done*. Well, by all means take the A.A.'s advice. But don't get a thing about it. Don't let the fear of leaving some country with an unstamped counterfoil hag-ride you throughout your holiday. I personally have never known a customs official miss with his "Sortie" stamp yet; and, even if he does, Europe is so arranged that the journey back from the country you have just entered to the country you have just left is normally a short one.

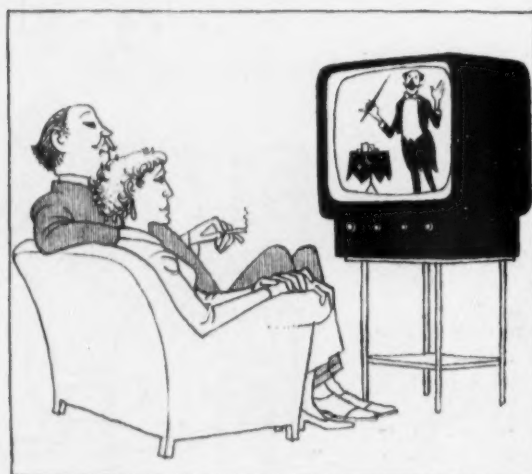
But suppose the *Entrée* stamp has

never been applied? Suppose that on your *arrival* in a foreign land some careless official has overlooked his responsibility, and you fail to notice the omission until the moment comes for you to leave—what then? The journey back to the place where you entered a country from the place where you desire to leave it is by no means necessarily a short one.

This dread possibility does not seem to have occurred to the A.A., and I confess that (though a born worrier) it had not occurred to me until one day this April when, guided by an English voice crying "But what am I to do?" I entered the customs office at Domodossola.

The customs office at Domodossola is neither more nor less than a cubby-hole. Since all motorists who desire to take their cars through the Simplon Tunnel into Switzerland have to call here with their *carnets* it must, at the busy season, be inconveniently crowded. Even now, with a bare half-dozen waiting at the counter, there was hardly room to swing a triptych. But I could just see, over the intervening heads, that first place in the queue was held by a large Englishman, with the suffused look of a man who is holding himself in. Opposite him, across the counter, a youngish official in a grey suit was patiently explaining the situation.

"There is here no stamp of entry on



the carnet," he was saying, and you could tell from his voice that he had made the same point many times already.

"I—came—in—at—Mentone," said the Englishman, speaking with great distinctness, and he leant over and prodded at the carnet six times with his forefinger. "See. There. Look at that stamp! 'Sortie—Menton.'"

"You left France, yes," said the official. "That is agreed. But here," and he leafed over the counterfoils and prodded in his turn, "here is no record of entry into Italy."

"But my car is outside," the Englishman cried. "It is here, in the yard, do you understand. So it *must* have come in."

"Officially," the young man said, and the Englishman turned pale at the word, "officially, it has not entered. I cannot stamp out what has not been stamped in." One or two Italians in the queue nodded their heads at this. The thing was clear.

The Englishman slightly relaxed his grip on himself. "How the devil can I help it if your incompetent officials fail to do their job—" he began.

"Exactly," I put in, anxious to show solidarity. "It is the responsibility of the customs officials to see that the Entry is recorded."

"Anyway," the Englishman went on, after throwing a brief "Bloody fools!" in my direction, "what am I supposed to do? Drive back to Mentone, or what?"

"Return here at two o'clock," said the official briskly, and held out his hand for the next man's papers. It was then half-past twelve, and despair, I think, rather than hope, made the Englishman hold his ground.

"If you can stamp it at two, why can't you stamp it now?" he cried.

"I cannot stamp it. It is impossible."

"Not even at two?"

"It is not possible," said the official firmly.

"Then what's the point of my coming back?"

It was a good question, and the young man had no answer ready. His brow became furrowed with thought and for a terrible moment, while the waiting queue held its breath, he laid his hand on a volume of Regulations. "It will be best," he said at last, "that you take it away unstamped."



"Unstamped! But then, when I get the car to Brig, won't the Swiss say that it never left Italy?"

"It may be so," said the official simply. "Next."

So there it was. The dreaded impasse that might happen to any motorist abroad. Nothing to look forward to but a lifetime of travelling to and fro through the Simplon Tunnel; constantly loading and unloading the car, now at Brig, now at Domodossola; greeted day after day by the shrugged shoulder, the prodding finger, the politely insistent "No record of entry," "Nothing to show you came out."

Yet—and this is the point I want nervous intending travellers to remember—when, later in the day, I left the Customs House at Brig, the Englishman was ahead of me, driving off into Switzerland without a care in the world. Sometimes it hardly seems worth while bothering to have your papers in order.

## The Driver's Song

"Undoubtedly one reason for the unpopularity of the [lodging-turn] system is that it often involves . . . the parting of a driver from his own engine, to which he is strongly attached."—New Statesman and Nation

**T**HERE is an Engine sweet and kind,  
Was never train so pleased my  
mind;

I may but drive her Tue. to Fri.,  
And yet I love her till I die.

Her boiler, valve-gear and her dome,  
Her footplate makes my second home,  
The home my lodging-turns deny,  
And yet I love her till I die.

Cruel is Western Region, deaf  
The heartless A.S.L.E.F.;  
But in whatever shed she lie  
I yet will love her till I die.

B. A. YOUNG



## Looking for Trouble

By ANDRÉ FRANÇOIS

**LOUIS XVII** (Louis-Charles DE FRANCE, dit), second fils de Louis XVI et de Marie-Antoinette, né à Versailles en 1785. Enfermé au Temple, il fut, après l'exécution de son père, proclamé roi de France par les princes émigrés... Certains auteurs prétendent qu'on le fit évader, et qu'on lui substitua un enfant malade. A la faveur de cette opinion, certains intrigants, dont les plus connus sont Naundorff et Mathurin Bruneau, cherchèrent, depuis la chute de Napoléon I<sup>er</sup>, à se faire passer pour le dauphin.

*Nouveau Petit Larousse*

**T**HE trouble with Monsieur Naundorff is calling himself René de Bourbon. He is selling wine and is very red in the face. Nobody objects to this, but Monsieur Naundorff sitting behind his four or six lawyers wants to prove that he is the direct descendant of Louis XVII, that he is the real male-branch pretendant to the throne of France. Considering Monsieur Bidault's and Monsieur Laniel's position, this is looking for trouble.

The PALAIS DE JUSTICE is a huge place, with huge corridors. Ceilings so high that you must lay on your back and shield your eyes to see them. Sort of a ballet is going on. Groups of two three or five people with an avocat-lawyer in black toga with white tie dancing for them. Some of them are women.

The Naundorff contre Bourbons affair is at the Première Cour d'Appel. On the left Bâtonnier Chresteil, his son and few more Avocats are speaking for

Naundorff. Red faced Monsieur Naundorff looking very Bourbonic and self-conscious is sitting behind them. A young boy of twelve fair-haired next to him is I suppose the Dauphin.

On the right the Avocats of the

Bourbons. Starring: Maître Maurice Garçon, de l'Académie Française. He is not defending to-day. He is listening. He has written a book proving that Louis Dixsept actually died in Temple-Prison. Behind their Avocats are



Naundorff's Avocat brandishing plan of the Temple

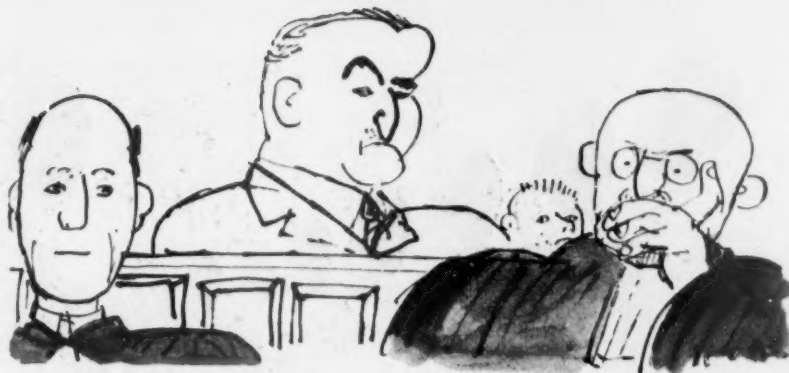


sitting the Bourbon-Parme-Family-People. They are looking almost as Bourbonic as Monsieur Naundorff.

Reports of National Archives, statements of Commissaires of the République, Barbers, Widows of gravediggers.

They say: Ten years old Dauphin is bright and gay. So gay as to sing LA CARMAGNOLE, and other revolutionary songs. Commissaire of the République states: Louis XVII doesn't sing. Answers no questions. Even when offered sweets or toys.

Docteur Pipelet who examined the Dauphin in the past, is replaced by Dr. Pelletan, who did not know him before. So that if the "real" Dauphin was replaced by an ill child he could not notice. Docteur Pelletan states: the child he examined was scrofulous, rachitic and rather degenerated. The Bourbon-Parme do not seem to object to this. Dr. Pelletan sawed off the top of the skull of the "pretended" Dauphin when dead. Unburied as late as 1846,



Naundorff sitting behind, Bâtonnier Chresteil and son

taken out of a lead coffin, bones were missing but there was one more thumb-bone than usually requested. Top of the skull sawn off all right. Doctors estimate the skeleton being that of a boy of fourteen. Unburied again in 1894. Doctors estimate: parts of the bones being those of a boy of fourteen, parts of a boy of eighteen.

Four Judges and their important Président, dozens of Avocats are sitting and listening. Ladies with very elegant hats are gasping. Monsieur Naundorff has a severe expression, Maître Maurice Garçon has sardonic smiles, at the moment he is acting sceptic and listening. I am afraid Monsieur Naundorff is looking for trouble.



Maître Maurice Garçon, listening. French Avocats do not wear wigs, it is all his own hair with one middle-parting



"Take it gradual, don't clatter your rifle, and mind the feet of the rank behind. O.K., we'll try it again."

## The Fable of "The Frog"

By LIONEL HALE

IT was in the barber's chair, having it short at the sides and not much off the top, that I heard from Henry, the man who cuts my hair, of the recent production of the North-West Hendon Park Amateur Dramatic Club. Henry, a bald man of great respectability and decorum, is a leading light in the club; and, one thing leading to another, as things will, Henry gave me an account of their performance of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. Henry told me that, by a strange coincidence, they had in fact considered performing Edgar Wallace's *The Frog*; but that the Club committee had rejected it, on the grounds that the Club ought to be a cultural influence in North-West Hendon. "We feel, sir, we have a responsibility," said Henry, bending earnestly over my left ear.

It was not all plain sailing during this production of *Hamlet*, and it seems that things would have gone ill except for the gusty diplomacy of Willy Bruce, who directed the greater part of the rehearsals. Willy is an open-air sort, and very popular at the North-

West Hendon Tennis and Badminton Club. To be frank, he had many problems to solve, of a social nature.

Nobody could object to Hamlet himself, a studious youth whose cachet, as a second-grade (temporary) Civil Servant in the Post Office, was beyond cavil or question. At the other end of the scale, it was easy to cast the plebeian Grave Diggers, who were brothers, and lived in the wrong street at the wrong end of the district, and were hoarse and happy citizens who got up at five in the morning to go to work in Covent Garden. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, those students of Wittenberg, could point not only to minor public schools but to extension courses at the London Polytechnic. But Willy had great trouble, and needed all his open-air tact, with King Claudius and Queen Gertrude.

"I see Gertrude," said Mrs. Horatio Stamp, "as, above all, queenly." Mrs. Stamp's father had been a Captain in World War One, and called himself Captain to the end of his blameless, rose-gardening days. Mrs. Stamp felt

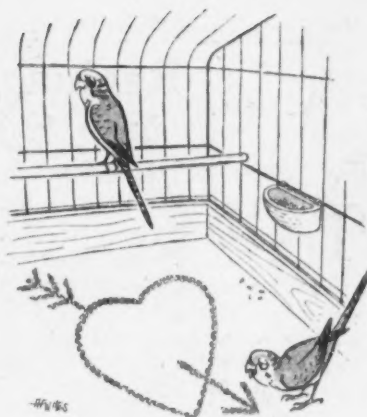
the Queen, as actresses say, very strongly; and throughout the four-months period of rehearsals she went shopping in purple. Claudius (Mr. Reg Oliver Watkins) saw matters a little differently. Risen high in the Insurance world as a Claims Inspector, he concentrated on the villainy of the King. "I know this sort of chap," he would say, recalling various frauds on Insurance companies: and, rolling his eyes alarmingly, with a tendency to guttural snarls, Mr. Watkins would jettison regality and aitches in wild abandon. It was too clear, from his Queen's rigid stare, that she agreed with her son that she had made a *mésalliance* and now regretted it. "Bloat, indeed!" Mrs. Stamp was heard to mutter as she surveyed her consort at rehearsal. There was, however, no such trouble with the Ghost. Mr. Stamp played the Ghost as to the manner dead.

There were complications about Ophelia, the chemist's daughter, and Laertes, the son of a City importer, working without enthusiasm in his

father's Fenchurch Street office. Ophelia, who was fair, and Laertes, who was dark, loved each other to distraction; and they had, indeed, outspokenly canvassed that the Club should give *Romeo and Juliet*, with themselves in the title rôles. Both families strongly disapproved of each other, and had forbidden the lovers even to meet, let alone take Sunday trips in a small sports car to Eastbourne. Consequently, the leave-taking of Ophelia and Laertes (Act I, Scene 3) began to assume at rehearsal a passionate tone: Willy, the producer, was often obliged to interrupt the parting embrace of brother and sister with a loud and breezy "Hey! Break it up!"; and the chemist took to attending all the rehearsals at the Methodist Hall, and sitting ostentatiously in the front row, chewing pastilles.

There were (Henry went on to tell me, using the clippers at the back of my neck) the invariable difficulties of unpunctuality and non-attendance at rehearsals. The sprightly Misses Horrocks, and their admirers Ralph and Mike (Ladies-in-Waiting, Francisco, and Bernardo), had continually to be dragged away from coffee and sundaes at Antonetti's, a small and cosy venue which represents the Café Society of North-West Hendon. It was only by threatening them with expulsion from the Tennis Club that the despairing Willy could prevail on them to attend at the Methodist Hall at all.

Each lady provided her own costume; and when Mrs. Stamp first saw Ophelia's diamond tiara, pearl stomacher, and twelve-foot sequin train at the dress parade, she marched straight out of the Hall, and Willy had to pursue her half-way down Beveridge Gardens



Avenue before he could bring her back.

Perhaps his greatest problem (Henry said) was Miss Emma Mell. It appears that this vivacious lady of seventy-odd years is well known as a hostess in Hendon, and indeed in many parts of Greater London. Left in comfortable circumstances by a speculative Victorian builder, Miss Mell is the life and soul of Whist Drives, and once ran an extremely successful Treasure Hunt in which nobody was allowed to wear shoes. The Dramatic Club was relying on her for the refreshments in the interval of *Hamlet* when Willy heard with dismay that Miss Mell had taken it into her head that she would like to perform. It was her intention to take over the Player Queen, and to interpolate a short recitation and a dance with a Spanish shawl. Willy called on Miss Mell and read Dover Wilson on *Hamlet* to her for an hour, but she was adamant; and it seemed that an impasse had been reached.

Indeed, what with Miss Mell, and the chemist glowering from the front row at Laertes and Ophelia, and the almost chronic disappearance of the Misses Horrocks with Ralph and Mike, and the refusal of Mrs. Stamp to speak to the King, and the consequent sullen bitterness of Mr. Watkins, rehearsals of *Hamlet* threatened to peter out altogether.

Willy went shockingly off his game at lawn-tennis, and was considering throwing in his hand, when inspiration came to him. He called on the Vicarage; and Miss Mary, the Vicar's daughter, most kindly and charmingly consented to attend rehearsals. The manners of the company at once improved: Antonetti's café was empty: Ophelia did not even try to hold hands with Laertes: Mrs. Stamp and Miss Mell both became studiously self-effacing. Even the Ghost revived.

All, then, went well with the Dramatic Society, and on the night the final curtain of *Hamlet* fell to acclamation. "It was," as the *North-West Hendon Mercury* (incorporating the *Sentinel and Messenger*, 1871) said next week, "a veritable triumph."

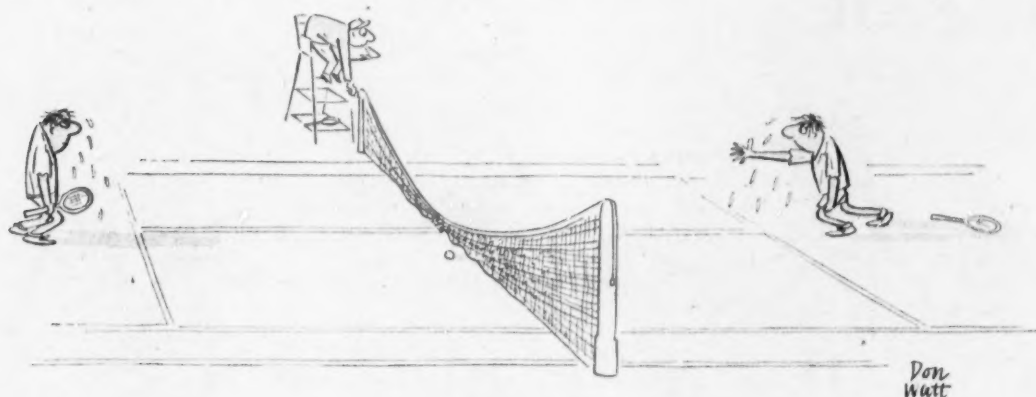
Henry, brushing our coat, told us incidentally that Hendon charities had benefited to the tune of £19 6s. 6d., and that the cultural effect on the whole neighbourhood had been almost unbelievable.

### On British Films

ISN'T it funny

How they never make any money,  
When everyone in the racket  
Cleans up such a packet?

J. B. B.





Misleading Cases**Regina v. Wilpot**

By A. P. H.

*(Before the Lord Chief Justice and the Judges of the High Court sitting in banc.)*

**T**HE Lord Chief Justice to-day gave judgment in this important case concerning the recent increase in the remuneration of Members of Parliament. He said:

This is in the nature of a test case which the Court has considered at the request of the Speaker of the House of Commons. The defendant, Mr. Henry Wilpot, was elected to the House of Commons by the delighted citizens of Bumbleton (West) in 1952. At that time the annual sum received by Members of Parliament—I use that cautious expression for reasons which will appear later—was £1,000 a year. In the present year there have been two or three debates concerning the inadequacy of this sum and the propriety of an increase. It was touching, one witness told the Court, to see what brotherly love and forbearance was shown in these discussions by Members of all parties, who in other subjects are accustomed to address each other as if they were snakes or tigers. It was in the end resolved by a large majority that an increase to £1,500 per annum was desirable and fitting. This decision was accepted and executed by Her Majesty's Government and is now in force. It was proved before us that the defendant has received, and accepted, the first instalment of what the common people would call his "rise."

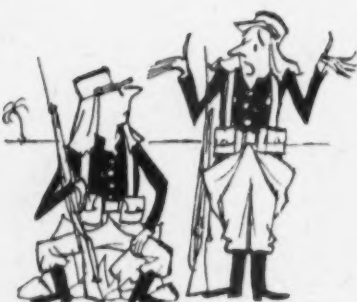
With the ethics of these affairs this Court has nothing to do. Indeed, it

would ill become Her Majesty's Judges, who have recently received a belated improvement in their own position, to criticize the Members of Parliament, who also find themselves hardly pressed by the heavy expenditure of the State and the cruel taxes for which they are responsible. Our task is only to interpret the law.

Now, in 1707, in the reign of Queen Anne, was passed the Succession to the Crown Act. Section 25 provides that if any Member of Parliament

"Shall accept of any office of profit from the Crown, during such time as he shall continue a member, his election shall be and is hereby declared to be void, and a new writ shall issue for a new election, as if such person so accepting, was naturally dead; provided, nevertheless, that such person shall be capable of being again elected."

The purpose of this arrangement, I think, is clear. For one thing, there may be some suspicion of nepotism or corruption, some question of unfitness in the appointment, which the sovereign people at a popular election may examine and condemn. For another—and this perhaps is more important—there has been a drastic change in the relations between the Member and his constituents. They chose a man who would serve them faithfully—and in those days serve for nothing—who would devote to their interests all his time and talents. Now, they find, he has sold his talents, and much of his time, to the



Ministers. For all his fine professions at the election, the hope of profit, the greed for power, was hidden in his heart. He may, for all they know, have sacrificed his principles to secure his post. He may have put it out of his power to pursue with vigour the policies, the promises, for which they gave him their votes. Accordingly, they are given this opportunity to call him to account, to elect him again, if they are satisfied, and reject him if they are not.

In this case it is argued that these wholesome precautions ought to apply, and legally do apply, to Mr. Wilpot. Again, there has been a drastic change in his relations with the people of Bumbleton (West). They elected one man, and now they have another. Any ordinary man whose annual remuneration is suddenly advanced by a half—and there are not many—at once moves into another world. The defendant, in the box, admitted that at the election he said nothing about the inadequacy of the Parliamentary "pay," nothing of any intention to press for an increase. On the contrary, according to the evidence, he asked with passionate eagerness to be sent to Parliament, though well aware of the terms and conditions of that employment. He also promised in many ways to secure an improvement in the lot of the poor: but these undertakings, through no fault of his own, perhaps, have not all been fulfilled. Further, the electors are now entitled to suspect that the man they chose for selfless service and philanthropic purpose had all the time in his heart the desire for profit and the intention to pursue it. In these circumstances it is not at all surprising if the electors wish him to vacate his seat and offer himself for election again. The question is, is that the law?

The Attorney-General, who appeared for the defendant, developed some arguments which may appeal to his Parliamentary colleagues, but will not, I fear, enhance his reputation at the Bar.

*Sir Anthony Slatt, Q.C.* Milord, with great respect—

*The Lord Chief Justice.* Quiet, Sir Anthony.

He contended that the £1,500 was not "profits and gain" but an "allowance" towards the expenses of a legislator. If that were so the whole sum would be free of income tax. But where a Member has other sources

of income the Parliamentary "pay" is lumped with them for purposes of income tax and surtax and, in fact, in many cases he enjoys the use of very little of it. The Court does not, as a rule, concern itself with the speeches of Members of Parliament: but here we take judicial notice of the fact that in a recent speech the Chancellor of the Exchequer referred more than once to the Member's "salary."

Then Sir Anthony said that membership of the House of Commons could not be described as an "office." In my opinion it can, for, according to the Oxford English Dictionary, an office means "A position or place to which certain duties are attached, especially one of a more or less public character; a position of trust, authority, or service under constituted authority; a place in the administration of government, the public service, etc."

The Attorney-General argued then that if the defendant held an "office of profit" he could not be said to hold it from the Crown. He is not in the employ of Ministers; indeed he belongs to the Opposition: and the money was voted by the House of Commons, in the name of the people. Yes, but it was the Crown, that is, the Ministers, who made the proposal. The Members may carry resolutions till they are tired: but without the deliberate initiative of the Crown these payments could never have been authorized or made. Technically, therefore, there is an opening for some of the very suspicions which prompted Section 25 of the Act of Queen Anne. Mr. Wilpot and his friends may not be employed by the Crown, but they are beholden to the Crown. For all the elector knows there may have been some improper agreement or menace. The defendant and his friends may have undertaken not to oppose some Government measure if this increase of salary were moved by



the Ministers—they may have threatened to obstruct the Government business if it were withheld.

There is no evidence of any such thing: but that matters not at all. In most cases, in this honourable land, it will be found upon examination that such precautions were unnecessary: but that is not to say that they ought not to be scrupulously observed. Whatever ingenious play may be made with words and precedents, Mr. Attorney, I find that in essence, in the conditions of the time, the facts are of the same character as our wise ancestors had in mind in 1707. The consequences must be the same. Mr. Wilpot, and any other Member who has accepted the increase of salary, whether he voted for it or not, have vacated their seats, and new writs must issue for new elections. We are told that this may cause something like a General Election: but that does not concern the Court. The Members should have thought of that before.

(All the Judges concurred.)

"IF YOU FEEL UPSIDE DOWN COME TO US  
WE'LL PUT YOU DOWNSIDE UP"  
Notice outside a Bournemouth church

Thanks. But aren't we back where we started?

# Flying Glimpse

By R. G. G. PRICE

(The Reviews often print articles that mix travel and politics, usually about countries where readers have to take the facts on trust.

Now if the week-end had been spent in London . . .)



YOU know you are in London as soon as you see the telephone boxes, with their unripe-tomato paint and their torn directories. Hitchhiking from the airport, I talked to the driver of a removal van—imagine a Fezzani or a Guatemalan paying someone to move his chattels for him. Ern was cagey about Clement Davies, and when I asked him straight out whether the Church would ever let him get real power he cupped his face in his spatulate oblong hands, pretending to be busy lighting one of the white, tubular cigarettes that all classes smoke in the south-east: I cannot speak for the north-western uplands. Davies, with his backing, often secret, among the Nonconformists, the southern non-Saxon areas and the Proportional Voters, is rarely mentioned in public.

However often I lean over Westminster Bridge, the locale of one of Wordsworth's lesser-known sonnets, I always find my eyes bruised by the viscous *glauquioserie* of the cruellest of rivers. This morning a tug passed below, ferrying timber from Brentford

to the new housing estates on the Essex levels, where the régime has sited them to catch the eye of tourists on their way up to Tilbury Docks. Across the Embankment I watched New Scotland Yard, the sullen headquarters of the so-called Criminal Investigation Department that operates under the immediate orders of Maxwell Fyfe, the Home Secretary and boss of Wales. Mothers hurried their cowboy-suited children past it. The sky was scummy, pachyderm-grey, driven.

The London intellectuals, those at least that have not made their peace with the régime and moved into flats in Portland Place, meet mainly in one another's homes, in fine weather on the North London commons and in the saloon bars of the Jermyn Street area, midway between the London Library, still unsuppressed, and the Royal Academy. A few may be found behind the steamy windows of small cafés near Shepherd's Bush. At the last census 84 per cent of all intellectuals in the Greater London region lived north of the river. There is no overt persecution. The régime is aware that one day they may provide a valuable bridge with the Welsh and, in the present political equivoise, they are protected by both Gwilym Lloyd-George and Aneurin Bevan.

The young teacher of eurhythmics and civics who took me to visit X was smoothly bald and his eyes slid softly across surfaces so that each *coup d'œil* became a *frisson*. He had a tightly concave mouth and a whine in his voice that reminded me of one of Joyce's *Anna Livia Plurabella* records when the gramophone needs rewinding. I found it quite impossible to make any contact with him. Despite the imposing introductions I carried he was obviously suspicious; I affronted the privacy of his loyalties and he made difficulties about loading my bedding into the coupé.

X—I had to promise not to give his name, as the régime holds his brother hostage somewhere in the Trent valley—is small, nervous-fingered, faintly marsupial. He drinks cup after cup of Russian tea and fiddles incessantly with chessmen, usually bishops. He greeted me with a chill courtesy that seemed to come from his circumstances rather than his convictions and he began by saying "You must put any comparison between London and Stockholm or Philadelphia completely out of your mind." I asked about Clement Davies's chance of building up popular support. He thought his power would not hold much longer. Soon he would be unable to restrain his followers from raiding





across the border, and once the native Welsh made a lodgment east of the Severn the London Welsh would be savagely mobbed. Maxwell Fyfe's riot squads never arrive until it is too late.

At this point the narrow equability of the dull little room was broken by one of X's disciples, a bitter little chemist whose father lost his liberty after the Tonypandy rebellion. He burst into rhythmic denunciation of Clement Davies for refusing to take to the hills; but X thought there was still a place in the legislature for minority groups, as they helped to focus foreign attention on the question. On the way back the driver told me that X wanted Clement Davies where he would draw Lloyd-George's fire and divert him from making common cause with Bevan. X is banking on the mutual extermination of the Welsh leaders and his own emergence in undisputed control.

London in spring has the *creased* look of a batik scarf. The eyeballs of the statues protrude hyperthyroidically. The city is all spleen, *urbs* rather than *ville*. Between the dwarf chestnuts in an Embassy garden I fed groundsel to greylag geese and read *Gorboduc*. It was easy to imagine myself sitting with Ausonius beside the Moselle. Reality returned when I went out for my evening date. In Leicester Square there were police everywhere. Amid the straining of the crowds I heard mutters of "They've got the Specials out." This referred to the dreaded part-time police force, largely composed of the heirs to the great export fortunes, who have the right of arrest and "interrogation." It was hardly possible to move. The Anglo-Saxon leaders were spending an evening at the cinema.

My last interview during the weekend—I wished it could have been a full week, but I wanted to have a look at the Gibraltar problem—was with a Reader in Botany I met in St. James's Park, the off-green diamond where generations of Civil Servants have aired their grievances. He started talking about ragwort, which he wanted subsidized. A cadence in his vehemence caught my ear. At first he dodged my question, but at length he admitted that he was from Glamorgan and was working with a group that hoped to make a *rapprochement* between Lady Megan, the Welsh Madame Chiang Kai-shek, and James Griffiths, probably the only



man who might overcome Scottish suspicions and persuade them to join a pan-Celtic coalition. At the moment personal feuds, rivalry over the coastal trade in the Irish sea and the unsettled Manx claims allow the Anglo-Saxon majority to divide and rule the Celtic uplands. The tide, however—and this is the chief impression I brought away—is turning.

Hitch-hiking back to the airport I found myself again sharing the greasy, overheated driver's cab with Ern. Hoping he would accept me as an old friend, I made another attempt to get him to open up about Davies. His face froze monolithically, as contemporary and merciless as the concrete road under the heavy tyres. "He isn't half

Welsh," he said, and suddenly I saw the pattern. Davies is that recurrent figure, the renegade Anglo-Saxon, following the call of the trace of blood, the Celtic quarter or eighth, the external patriot who adopts the struggling minority and gives it his life. Uncommunicative and laconic, Ern gave me the clue.

3 3

#### Potpourri

"Centre-piece of the decorations was a huge cream urn behind the official table, filled with blue hydrangea and his wife; also some of the famous people who have stayed there including Dame Nellie Melba and Mark Twain."—*Melbourne paper*

"OR would you," inquired Jim, the waiter, not without relish, "prefer *semolina*?"

Some even did. Between seasons, with Easter behind and summer to come, the dining-room of the three-star hotel was almost empty. A refrigerator whirled and clacked in the distance, below lay the sea—the green-and-purple mobbing but not yet mobbed sea. On a lonely beach the long white lines curled, broke, drew back their sliding lace.

We watched, over our peach flan (what a peach, and what a flan!), the small diving bird that always diverted our lunch-hour and seemed to enjoy his. Not far off the bobbing lobster-pots provided a living larder; but what lobster had ever found its way to these tables? In August, we were assured by the waiter—whose deep tones rarely evaded the note of satire—on Sundays, lobster would be served.

But our very reason for making this first visit to Cornwall had been that, so far from August, we should find things quiet. Bluebells startled us under trees barely hinting green; in the high banks were violets and primroses, a rare ice-cream paper; the haze at sea and the mild blue overhead rounded our days. We took the car to grey churches in hollows. We walked on wet sand and discovered paper-weight worlds in the rocks. We listened to tales of shark-fishing, last winter's snow. We watched the boats go out and come back.

That very morning we had been filling in labels for tins of cream to be sent to friends.

"Won't you," came the richly deceptive voice nearby, "have some *more semolina*, madam?" (With the same solicitude he had hushed a new arrival with "I hope you have enjoyed your dinner, sir.")

Would she? It wasn't possible. But the idea fascinated. She hesitated; regretfully, it seemed, shook her head. Another day, perhaps. Or if she had been a little younger . . .

Over some of the meals only his wit and sympathy pointed a way. He had known other days, as a butler; in a famous grill-room; and was now, having sailed through the Driving Test, ready to qualify as the perfect chauffeur. We wished him luck, dollars.

He was, of course, a Cornishman, which the hotelier was not, and in this

## Cornish Cream

By G. W. STONIER

part of the world never is. One evening, as with delicacy he set before us the processed peas, he got talking about the pub on the quay, cider, summer evenings, and one Old Willow, a lanky ancient who peddled his ferry-boat (when he felt like it) and at night lit up the "Merry Mariners," conspicuous from the yellow waistcoat bequeathed by a visitor. "Goes home by rail every night," said our *famulus*, vanishing through swing-doors. We were still weighing this when he returned with "Feeling his way across the bridge, you know, full of scrumpy." Scrumpy is the rough cider, three or four pints of which, at 10d. a pint, will render jelly-kneed the most stalwart. Two before dinner one evening I had found more than enough; though when it came to dinner I was glad.

Then we poked into corners pretty thoroughly. One day we'd pack off to a Furry Dance, another would confront us with Wesley, laying stones here, greeted with them there; our car acquired new scratches ("Look out for the natives' arrows"). When it blew an Atlantic gale we hugged the Channel, and a sou'wester would drive us north. The pyramidal heights about St. Austell and ghost mines of Redruth formed a watershed from which we would choose weathers; and one afternoon following the white rush of a china-clay stream we came on an amazing sight through

the V of the downs: the whole bay tintured with the greens and blues of kaolin. To digest the whole we popped into one of the "Cream Teas" cottages with a veranda and gobbled up a piled plate of scones, butter, cream and jam.

Little lanes led to coves. Mousehole was less spoilt than Polperro, a veritable museum of piskified attractions; Portloe than either. But someone had got there first: a crafty innkeeper who had snapped up the local pub and turned it into a Dispense, introduced art in a thousand delectable and dubious forms, put flower names on the bedrooms and set the electric logs twinkling. The fishermen got their own back by clattering in the dawn and hanging stinking bait about the rocks under his windows.

When we did find the perfect cove—which shall remain nameless—it looked as unreal as a stage scene. The rocks that had so often found their way on to canvas seemed themselves painted; gulls had been laid on by television; fussy, inactive fishermen were only doing a bit of business between the verses of grand opera.

After that we saw artiness, camouflage, invasion everywhere. Shopkeepers, daubers and knitters, landladies were waiting behind every curtain; more and more we were haunted by the ghost legions to follow, sucking ices, chewing chips, dipping piskies in wells, and introducing to the mole and the wren the Light Programme. Flying saucers had been seen, in good time for Whitsun. Of course, we ought to have waited and gone with the swim. What finally shot us out of Cornwall altogether—with only mild regrets for its bleak devastated charm—was the board "Bed and Breakfast" staked on a fresh-dug plot, the house not yet half built.

But before going on into Devon—which, incidentally, we found more congenial—we went back to our original seaside, and stayed a night at the hotel next to that we had started from. We remembered a saying of the *famulus*, that his favourite reading was the menu next door; and, for once, lobster met us on the plate.

As the lights wriggled down into the harbour we glanced across at the "Merry Mariners." A figure emerged, paused. Old Willow? No. Jim himself, on his night off; going home by rail, full of scrumpy.





*The Child-hater*





## BOOKING OFFICE

### The Green Stick

**Tolstoy: A Life of My Father.** Alexandra Tolstoy. Gollancz, 30/-

**T**OLSTOY, according to his daughter Alexandra, was very captivated by an ancient myth that somewhere a green stick was buried whose discovery would enable mankind to live happily ever after. His whole life was largely devoted to a search for this stick, and in the course of the search he grew ever more wretched, more quarrelsome and more confused. The quest bears a close resemblance to the one upon which his fellow humans have subsequently been bent, with very similar results. Collective, like individual, felicity is always lost when pursued. It was a fateful and disastrous moment for us all when the American Founding Fathers put, as a major aim, the pursuit of happiness into their Declaration of Independence.

Alexandra Tolstoy's new Life of her famous father does not add anything to what was already known about that prodigious personage. Indeed, her previous publication on the subject, *The Tragedy of Tolstoy*, was on the whole a better and more coherent book. What she has tried to do in this volume is to present her mother in a more favourable light—a gallant and creditable, but hopeless, endeavour. At the same time, one is glad to read anything about Tolstoy. He is inexhaustibly interesting, both in himself and as a symbolic figure, and Alexandra, at the end of his life, knew him as well as anyone.

As a family the Tolstoyes were all inveterate writers of diaries, and, what is perhaps more unusual, readers of one another's diaries. After lights out at Yasnaya Polyana there were usually three or four of them padding about in search of the day before's entries, and strangled cries were often heard when they came upon some particularly wounding disclosure. Then the Countess would rush out into the night in her nightdress with the idea of drowning herself (unfortunately for them all, she appears to have been either very incompetent or half-hearted in such enterprises), and Tolstoy would tear at his beard and groan out that love was the only thing that mattered in life.

Finance, too, was a constant source

of family acrimony. Tolstoy decided that he ought to allow everything he wrote after his "conversion" to be published freely by anyone. This left the Countess with such substantial properties as *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina* to keep her going, but she bitterly resented the loss of royalties on works like *The Kingdom of God is Within*

later moralistic fervour, he was liable to say he wished he had never written.

The old adam of patriotism, his rage to live, died hard in him, and even at the time of the Russo-Japanese War, when he had urged everyone to refuse military service, he still woefully noted down that he found Russia's defeat on land and sea hard to bear. He also had a very understandable, and even creditable, loathing for many of his disciples, whose pinchbeck asceticism and cant he found deeply and instinctively distasteful.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to make any sense of his body of thought. He was intensely anti-liberal, and still more opposed to Herzen and his revolutionary associates; at the same time he condemned the Orthodox Church for its superstition and corruption. The immense sensuality of his youth and early manhood lived on in him, and even as a very old man he would sometimes disconcert a visitor by boasting about his early prowess with the gipsies. Shakespeare and all imaginative literature he came to denounce as of the devil, and yet his own love of literary composition, his almost miraculous capacity to convey a scene or a person, survived to the end. He was, indeed, a wilful, passionate man who embarked upon the impossible task of changing his nature through his own efforts, and in obedience to a theory of life to which he had been drawn to give his assent. The effort involved was terrific. It at last pulled even him to pieces.

These contradictions in himself, and in his beliefs, necessarily involved his family and associates. As so often happens with those who seek to be good for goodness's sake alone, Tolstoy, by some wretched fatality, usually succeeded in producing the exact opposite of what he intended. Thus, believing as he did in love, particularly within the family circle, he generated family strife to a quite exceptional degree. He was always having ferocious rows with his wife; the children were always rowing among themselves and with their parents.

His belated decision to leave his nagging wife and importunate children; his miserable death in the waiting-room of a small railway station, with journalists thronging round him—it all seems oddly in keeping with the rest of his life. Yet one sees what Gorki meant when he said of Tolstoy's death that thenceforth



You and Study and Translation of the Four Gospels. Her resentment was the greater because Tolstoy's friend and disciple, Chertkov, undertook the publication of Tolstoy's religious and moralistic writings, and this, the Countess felt, was snatching the bread out of her own and her children's mouths. Chertkov appears to have been a rather heavy-handed, solemn individual, but one cannot help sympathizing when the Countess accuses him of embarking upon a homosexual relationship with Tolstoy when he was over eighty.

Tolstoy's influence in the world has been, of course, immense, and still lingers on among pacifists, followers of Gandhi, and other like persons. An occasional glimpse of him may yet be caught in an unruly beard, an ancient eye wild and angry with love of mankind. His teaching, however, belonged to the Romantic Movement, and will surely perish with it, leaving—and who could ask for a more splendid monument?—the great novels which, in his

he must feel an orphan in the world. With all Tolstoy's foolishness and pig-headedness, there is something great-hearted, splendid, about him, as there is about even the most prejudiced of his works. MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

**An Introduction to Seventeenth-Century France.** John Lough. *Longmans*, 21/-

The brutish peasants observed by La Bruyère, and the monarch, swathed in ermine, looking down from Rigaud's portrait are equally representative of the seventeenth century. In the contrast one may see a chapter of social history, a microcosm of absolute monarchy and a warning of the Revolution. The age of Louis XIV, or, more precisely, the background of Corneille, Racine and Molière is described by Professor Lough with the accuracy and regard for detail of a seventeenth-century engraver. He shows the middle class ("Je veux être gentilhomme") buying its way up society, the nobility marrying down for money's sake, the cleric and soldier purchasing promotion, the writer and courtier aiming at pensions, and the king himself, demi-god though he may be, dependent on taxation for prestige.

It is said that money is the one religion which knows no atheist: it seems to have had few dissenters in the French golden age, and one is surprised to find it mentioned so seldom in contemporary literature. Professor Lough's *Introduction* is a sound manual for the student and a good companion for the general reader. J. R.

**Angelica.** Adeline Hartcup. *Heinemann*, 21/-

This is the first study of Angelica Kauffmann to appear for a number of years. Neither a full-scale biography nor an art historian's monograph, it possesses some of the qualities and the defects of Angelica's own portraits. The design is easy and pleasing, the style graceful but unincisive, the drawing sometimes weak, the background a little perfunctory. But if in the end a vivid individual likeness fails to emerge, the fault is perhaps not Miss Hartcup's. For the virtues that won for Angelica the admiration of Reynolds, the devoted (if ephemeral) friendship of Goethe, and the general affectionate esteem of her contemporaries, are notoriously difficult to bring to life on paper.

A mild, sweet, pious, industrious woman is unlikely to lead an eventful life, and the only dramatic incident in Angelica's was her brief first marriage to an adventurer masquerading as a Swedish Count. For the rest, her biographer can only follow her from youthful success in Switzerland and Italy to celebrity in London, and thence back again to Rome, where under the shadow of the French Revolution she continued to paint for a clientèle of English travellers and international royalty. But it is a pleasant journey, and Angelica is an agreeable companion. A. M.

**Brother to Dragons.** Robert Penn Warren. *Eyre and Spottiswoode*, 15/-

This long poem deals with problems familiar to those who know Mr. Warren's rich, remarkable novels of the American South: human guilt and expiation, the fascination and the paradoxes of power. The subject is the peculiarly atrocious murder by two brothers, Lilburn and Isham Lewis, of a Negro slave in West Kentucky; the time 1811. The brothers are nephews of Thomas Jefferson and the story is told through various voices—the murderers, their parents, Lilburn's wife, Jefferson, and Warren himself, who acts as chorus, narrator and modern commentator upon the moral problems involved.

Warren's poetic style has some monotony. Lilburn and his wife, Jefferson and the old Negress Aunt Cat, say different things, but they speak in the same voice. Yet there are passages of great splendour, and the meanings and implications of the terrible story are most subtly conveyed. *Brother to Dragons* is in some ways a by-product of Mr. Warren's novels, but to write a long poem on this level of dignity and power is an achievement of which few living poets would be capable. J. S.

**The Royal Society of Arts.** Derek Hudson and Kenneth V. Luckhurst. *Murray*, 30/-

A remarkable institution this Society of Arts, impenitently English in origin and method, now celebrating its two-hundredth birthday. A certain William Shipley, an obscure drawing-master in Northampton, having had the heartening experience of remedying a serious local grievance with the help of friends, acquaintances and ardently canvassed strangers, dreamed a dream. There were plenty of practical things clamouring to be done. Why not get together a group of intelligent public-spirited men to give their leisure and money to make a survey of the field, to give prizes and award medals for inventions, hold exhibitions, read and publish papers?

An amiable lunatic's obsession? Yet from this sprang the Society which has

deserved so well of the republic. Its certificates and diplomas, its annual medal, its lectures and conferences, its journal of proceedings are all valued institutions. It has attracted a succession of able men to its council and committees. Still entirely supported by voluntary contributions, it is respected, solvent, owning its own beautiful Adam house in the Adelphi, and with a peak membership of some six thousand sets out on its third century with good prospect of further valuable service. *Floreat!* J. P. T.

**Rendez-Vous 127 (The Diary of Anne Brusselmans, M.B.E.)** Transcribed by Denis Hornsey, D.F.C. *Benn*, 12/6

One of the surprising things about this exciting story is that it should ever have been entrusted to a diary. In September 1940 Mme. Brusselmans began work in Brussels at the receiving end of the Comète escape line, which ran via Paris; and soon she was its centre, surviving three visits from the Gestapo and the constant risks of hiding men in her own and other houses. Arrests often broke the chain, and sometimes the whole delicate system had to be organized afresh.

In all she was responsible for passing one hundred and eighty allied airmen, and in addition ran an intelligence cell for two years and translated B.B.C. war news for the underground. Luckily her children were marvellously credulous of the endless "Flemish cousins" who came to her flat. Such sustained courage from a housewife surely deserved something better than an M.B.E. Her diary is admirably cool. Mr. Hornsey writes loosely, but, having himself escaped along the Comète, knows his subject. E. O. D. K.

**Future Indefinite.** Noël Coward. *Heinemann*, 21/-

Describing an old merchant ship torpedoed in convoy Coward writes, "She seemed to kneel apologetically in the calm sea." It could be a Conrad phrase. But some of this thick and entertaining book is written with less restraint, and tarnished idiom from the petulant 'twenties often dulls its glitter. However, for those who used to ask what the author was up to during the war, here is the answer: he was flying and steaming, railing and jeeping, all over the Allied world, exploiting his celebrity value to preach Britain, raise funds and entertain the fighting forces.

He travelled with impressive letters of introduction, but no salary, and after spending £11,000 from his private New York banking account in America and Canada alone was fined £1,800 by British courts for crimes against the currency regulations. Characteristically, he was less upset by this than by a Mayoress of Wellington, N.Z., who found faults with his concert repertoire. Some of the material is highly comic—in particular



a memorable account of his meeting with Sibelius—and there are several nicely-judged soft-peddallings: "I had the opportunity of telling the Queen..." "There were only the four of us: Juliet, Venetia Montagu, Winston Churchill and myself..." J. B. B.

**African Diversions.** Ernest Juenger.  
*John Lehmann, 10/6*

This enjoyable light novel about a German youth who runs away to find Romance and Escape in the French Foreign Legion is dressed up as a philosophical novel. If it has any interest beyond the agreeably light-handed treatment of the day-to-day events it is in the vagueness with which the hero sets out to be Free in Africa, although he has no accurate idea of the environs of his own home. German romanticism, unlike Western romanticism, apparently feeds on lack of detail. (This may be why Herr Juenger's *The Storm of Steel*, in which military glory turned into hard, sharp facts was so haunting, though in shape it was just another war book.)

It is a little difficult to see why *African Diversions*, written many years ago, appears in England now. Is it yet another appearance of that protean character, the good German, this time distinguished by the readiness to lead the gentle laughter at his own youthful enthusiasms that is considered abroad to be one of the Briton's inexplicable yet most easily imitable characteristics?

R. G. G. P.

## AT THE PLAY

*Cockles and Champagne*  
(SAVILLE)



LATE in *Cockles and Champagne* a character declares, as if quoting from Aristotle, that every show always has a romantic number. One of the faults of this revue is that it has far too many overlapping romantic numbers. It assumes rather innocently that men and women can never tire of being reminded of the simplest biological principle, which it goes on and on demonstrating, like a vast and lavish cardiograph of the throbbing heart. From pieces of pure sugar, such as the song sung by an agonized lady invoking the safety of her darling (who has just roared off in a presumably fairly safe airliner), it takes the theme of love all the way to an operatic duet, not in the best of taste, on the bleaker statistics of the Kinsey Report.

Audiences accustomed to the quick, sharp stabs of intimate revue may find this singlemindedness a trifle slow, and they will look almost in vain for contemporary comment, if one excepts a chunk of jejune philosophy solemnly warning us about the cosmic recklessness of science. At present the programme is far too long, and if some of its erotic cottonwool could be removed the good things, of which there are a number, could be seen to much better advantage. The sketches would still seem in the

Crazy Gang category, and satire would still be very intermittent; but with speed and shape the effect of the brisker turns would be doubled. Its dancing, good dresses and varied spectacle suggest for the revue a firm popular appeal if a pruning-hook is used in time.

The evening starts very well with a mob of pretty charwomen working on a chequerboard floor steeply raked from the footlights. At its funniest it offers MIRIAM KARLIN, who has a rasping Cockney edge and can do appallingly cynical things with her mouth. As a lavatory attendant unhampered by ambition she scores a great success, but she is even surer as a factory girl wedded to her bench in spite of a win on the pools and a bucketful of diamonds. The other outstanding member of the cast (which contains curiously few men) is the French song-writer, PIERRE DUDAN, a very engaging, unstagey personality. His songs are admittedly about love, but he delivers them so lightly and skilfully, and with so much natural charm of manner, that the threadbare facts seem almost fresh.

One of the pleasures is to see again, in two monologues, PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY, to sense her graciousness and hear her lovely declamation. RENÉE HOUSTON brings her own warm brand of slap-and-tickle humour. Our education in some of the more advanced aspects of the general theme is entrusted to MILDRED JOANNE SMITH. And PATRICIA BURKE, useful all round, is at her best in a neat number about a French Prime Minister's wife so tired of changing house that she decides to live in a moving-van.

Good marks go to a nimble and attractive chorus. A large team has been at work on the revue, but most of the writing is by MAUREEN STEVENS, and the job with the pruning-hook will belong to CECIL LANDEAU.

### Recommended

*The Cherry Orchard* (Lyric, Hammersmith), a nearly satisfactory revival. *Going to Town* (St. Martin's), the revue from Hammersmith, greatly improved. *The Teahouse of the August Moon* (Her Majesty's), America laughing at herself.

ERIC KEOWN



MR. PIERRE DUDAN

MISS RENÉE HOUSTON

MISS MIRIAM KARLIN

[*Cockles and Champagne*

## AT THE PICTURES

Miss Sadie Thompson  
*The Rainbow Jacket*



NOT that Miss Sadie Thompson (Director: CURTIS BERNHARDT) is really the Maugham story that was afterwards called "Rain," or even anything much like it in mood or detail at all; but undeniably it makes extremely skilful and entertaining use of the same basic idea. Forget about looking for an adaptation of Maugham, and forgive the contrived sentimental mood of the ending (one of those endings with a "hint" that in due course things will work out happily for the sympathetic





[Miss Sadie Thompson  
The Rev. Alfred Davidson—JOSE FERRER

characters), and you may find it enjoyable. The piece in fact is basically hokum, but so well done that it does not insult the intelligence. I don't say it's "good" in the sense in which one uses the word about, say, a French film; but highly entertaining it certainly is.

From some of the preliminary publicity, particularly the part suggesting that room had been found for several songs, I had feared the worst: I thought the whole thing was going to be ridiculous. But surprisingly the songs, essentially unnecessary as they are, don't seem to matter... though admittedly to find Sadie Thompson singing a morally improving one to a circle of enraptured children, after the manner of Bing Crosby, is perhaps a bit much.

People who know the original story will be surprised to find that the whole action takes place on a Pacific island occupied by American Marines. It is between one of these, a sergeant (ALDO RAY), and the stranded Sadie that the necessary "romance" develops.

There might seem to be not much place left for the Reverend Mr. Davidson, the missionary? But no, there he is, very much the same sort of man as originally planned. The "powerful" central situation turns up too, complete with the dear old symbolical device (cut, at the critical moment, to a shot of fierce waves pounding on the shore).

RITA HAYWORTH does very well as the coarse, cheerful, good-hearted Sadie, and JOSE FERRER as Davidson does all that can be done; the fact that his yielding to temptation seems too sudden and unconvincing is the fault of the writing. (There may have been cuts—certainly there are some noticeable cuts and bits of re-synchronization in parts of the dialogue.) And ALDO RAY, as a character who was never in the original story at all, quite justifies his position in the film—which is, I repeat, hokum, but made with a skill that demands respect.

From the synopsis of *The Rainbow Jacket* (Directors: MICHAEL RELPH and BASIL DEARDEN) I feared a certain dullness; there are not many things that can be done in a horse-racing story, and it looked as if this picture were merely doing most of them. I had thought too that the Group Three film *Devil on Horseback* had treated the theme of the brilliant young apprentice with such unusual freshness as to make a more conventional story about it something of an anticlimax.

I had forgotten for a moment the difference that can be made by a clever script full of good lines and easy, experienced, beautifully accomplished playing and direction. Ealing Studios here seem to me to be back on their old form, with one of their most reliable script-writers, T. E. B. CLARKE.

True, the apprentice jockey in this is without any particular singularity of character: simply a pleasant enthusiastic kind-hearted boy, caught in one of the situations endemic in racing fiction and faced with the fearful problem of choosing between faking a race and letting down the ex-jockey who has done everything for him. BILL OWEN is admirable as the ex-jockey, but the strength of the picture is in its detail and decorative incident and bright dialogue, and the incidental oddities of character (CHARLES VICTOR gives a very funny portrait of a head lad with a deceptively ingratiating manner). Visually, too, the whole thing is wonderfully attractive.

#### Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London: the powerful *Le Salcire de la Peur* (24/2/54) and the gay *Henriette* (19/5/54). *Knock on Wood* (5/5/54) is about to leave; *The Living Desert* (2/6/54) continues; and there is a ninety-minute CinemaScope account of the Royal Tour, *Flight of the White Heron*.

This last is also among the releases, and so is *Knock on Wood*. Others

include *The Long, Long Trailer*, which is highly amusing, *The Actress*, with a splendid character performance by Spencer Tracy, and *The Rainbow Jacket* (see above).

RICHARD MALLETT



## AT THE OPERA

*Das Rheingold* (COVENT GARDEN)

AS the first bars of prelude sounded from the orchestra pit the stage seemed filled with tinned milk up to the flies. This presently resolved itself into running waves which, although never quite translucent enough, let us see the Rhinemaidens asprawl on the river bed. They wore tinselled tights instead of fish-tails, did swimming exercises with their arms to make us all feel damp, and sang dead on the note, as well as dead on the beat, with full, fresh voices.

Argue, if you like, that they could not have sung half as well if suspended in cradles at the end of pulley-wires. Add, if you must, that even Bayreuth grounds its Rhinemaidens nowadays. The fact remains that without the old flying-ballet technique the *Rheingold* opening scene lacks illusion and plays nonsensically. As the maidens tripped coyly from rock to rock the infatuated Alberich, who is supposed to scramble vainly in their wake, was hard put to it not to collide with them. Accordingly, he found it prudent either to stay put, as if his foot were caught in a lobster pot, or do some of the dodging himself.

The effect was deliciously nostalgic. I was back in the 'twenties, watching the B.N.O.C.'s touring production from a provincial gallery. History repeated itself with punctilio. Instead of vanishing under his magic cap, Alberich patently slunk off behind a mistimed jet of steam. The gold blocks from Nibelheim were clothed, wrinkled and lightweight. At the finish the gods jockeyed awkwardly for processional position at the head of a rainbow bridge which wasn't there.

Yet I came away rapt. Assets had outweighed handicaps. We knew the moment ERICH WITTE appeared—he came flaunting downstage among gods and godlings with satire in his cocked eyebrow and contempt on his curled lip—that here was that rarity, a true Loge. OTAKAR KRAUS (Alberich) and PETER MARKWORT (Mime) were dramatically his peers and sang as well. FERDINAND FRANTZ has the tone for Wotan but hardly the presence. The voice of the evening was MARIA VON ILOSVAY's as Fricka: it is long since so peach-like and authentic a *tiefer Sopran* was heard in these parts.

Of LESLIE HURRY's new designs, Professor HARTMANN's production and FRITZ STIEDRY's conducting it will be time to speak definitively when the *Ring* cycle is further advanced. Meantime I clear my throat restively.

CHARLES REID



## ON THE AIR

Bran-Tub Miscellany

**W**ILFRED PICKLES is a man from the North and a man of the people. For many years his "spots of homely fun," his bright, earthy, sentimental programmes from the backwoods and backstreets of Britain, have been immensely and deservedly popular. Pickles sparkles at the microphone: he is the ideal Uncle Wilfred, the breeziest of sick-room visitors, the cheekiest and yet the most sympathetic of all interviewers. He is a "caution," a "card," a "proper character."

On sound radio he works wonders. Dear old ancients try to sing for him, the sick and the impoverished tell of their struggles and their most embarrassing moments and air their simple views on how to put the world to rights. And somehow or other he manages to get very near to the knuckle, to bathos and sticky sentimentality, without offending the listener. His common touch is masterful.

On Television Pickles cannot adopt quite the same tactics. His guests must be more presentable, more photogenic, and their patter must be more cautious and circumspect. "Ask Pickles," a new bran-tub miscellany series, is a sort of "Housewives' Choice" in vision. Thousands of requests to hear Light Programme ever-present celebrities, to see again memorable lengths of "Newsreel" (the Oxford crew that sank, Bannister's mile, Bradman's duck, Hungary's goals, and so on), requests from tots who should have been in bed hours ago, from "Five Fattlers," "Three Joans and a Jill (Solihull)," "Mrs. and Miss Harris of Nuneaton" and from "All at 308 Longmore Crescent." The formula is one that the B.B.C. finds irresistible nowadays



Mr. Wilfred Pickles Mr. Webster Booth Miss Ann Ziegler

and one that many listeners—and viewers—find extremely tiresome. There is so much aimless chatter between the items of entertainment, so much cosy well-wishing and here's hoping . . . And not even the shrewd friendly grin of Wilfred Pickles can make such intervals of tedium pass unnoticed. If "Ask Pickles" is to survive it must move much more briskly, and should feature fewer Light Programme warblers. In the next edition I shall be on the lookout for some evidence of "Research by Larry and Pauline Forrester."

In the latest edition of "Panorama" Billy Graham had to compete with dental hypnosis and Dame Sybil Thorn-dike, and in a photo-finish I placed him third. Off the platform he is unremarkable, even naïve. He made heavy weather of most of the questions put to him by Malcolm Muggeridge and seemed strangely uninspired. No doubt he was tired after his long and highly successful campaign. Though I am quite at a loss to understand the immense publicity he has received in the Press, the resultant

bumper congregations have at least shown that the bewildered millions are desperately eager to dabble (at least) in some form of moral rearmament; and if this encourages the churches to hasten their inevitable reforms Billy Graham's circus will not have roared and cooed in vain.

The experiment in dental hypnosis was an astonishing affair. We did not see the patient put into the preliminary trance of submission, but we saw her drop off to sleep (click—just like that!) and we were present at the painless extraction. This time, surely, there could be no hanky-panky, though recent televised stunts have taught

viewers to distrust the evidence of their own eyes and the integrity of certain producers. The cameras were used boldly and dramatically, and most viewers, squeamish or not, must have felt distinctly uneasy. I imagine that no single extraction has ever caused more acute and widespread discomfort than this.

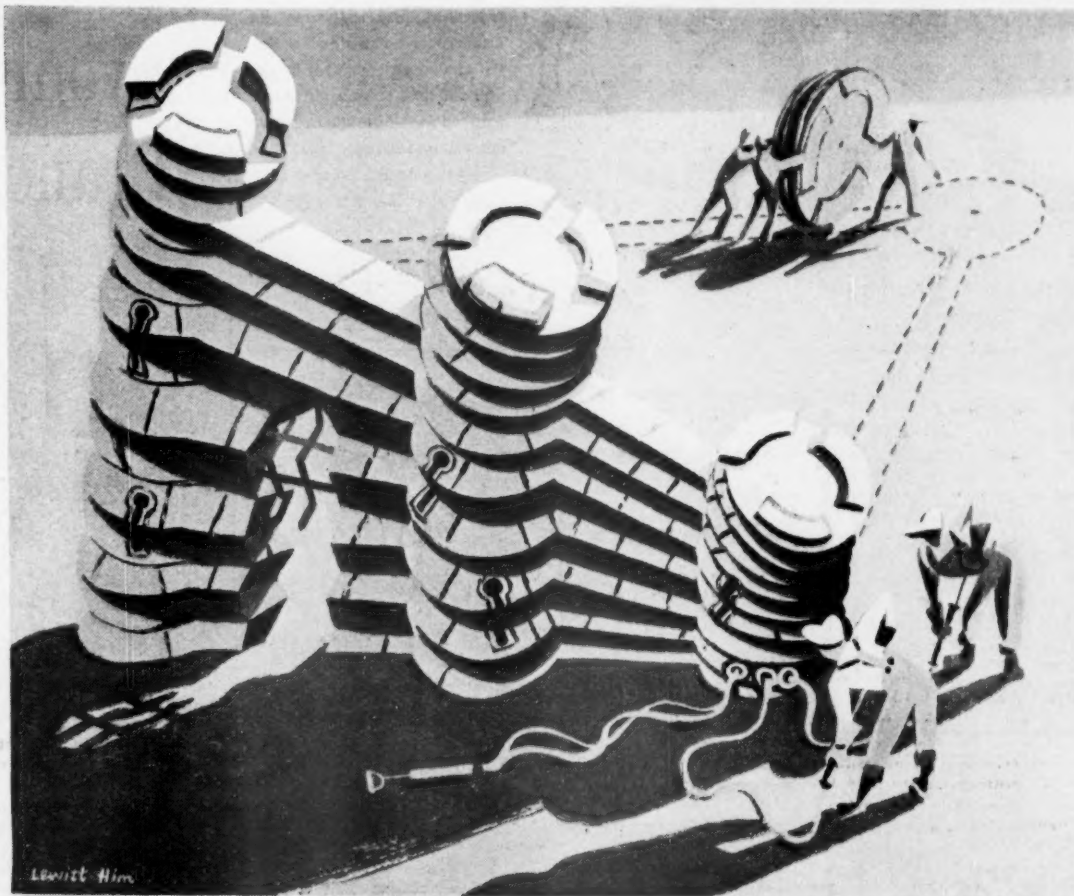
Another excellent programme was the telecast from Portmeirion, Clough Williams-Ellis's enchanting village in North Wales. The cameras roamed easily over the strange architectural fancies and paused to pick up sensible and illuminating comments from the official guides of the conducted tour. Williams-Ellis and Hywel Davies spoke casually and without any of that fussy earnestness that often mars the efforts of B.B.C. guides—even at times of Richard Dimbleby. This was a handsome item for a summer's evening, and we could do with more like it. Serenity is a quality all too rarely found in contemporary television.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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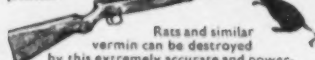
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# Choosing your Brandy



V.S.O.P

Lovers of good brandy gladly pay a little more for a cognac which they know to be of superior quality. This is why they instinctively order Remy Martin V.S.O.P. They know it is made from grapes of unique quality found only in the best two areas of the Cognac district of France. They know too that Remy Martin produces only cognac of this superior quality.

**REMY MARTIN**  
*Pride of Cognac*

Punch, June 9 1954



Home Lighter for newly-weds by Ronson, clothes by Janet West, furniture by Harrods

## Today's most fashionable wedding present

Here's a *new* idea, a good one. It's a Ronson Wedgwood lighter for the home; no ordinary lighter either. This model marries the perfect Ronson mechanism to an exquisite Wedgwood blue and white Jasper base. It really is a present in a hundred—unusual,

useful, enduring, elegant. What more could you, or any young couple ask? Not expensive either. The silver plated model illustrated on the right costs 4 guineas. A less expensive Ronson Wedgwood, in a different shape, finished in chromium plate, is available at 3 guineas.

**RONSON** *Lighters for the home*

FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION LOOK FOR THE TRADE MARK **RONSON** WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER



It's cool . . . it's light, it's a

# DAKS

lightweight suit

Keep cool in the stickiest weather and yet remain perfectly tailored and trim. Daks lightweight suits are indeed a triumph of Simpson craftsmanship, and selection of cloths. These include crease-resisting linens and gaberdines, and worsted in more formal shades and patterns. On hot days such a suit can be worn with distinction in the office.





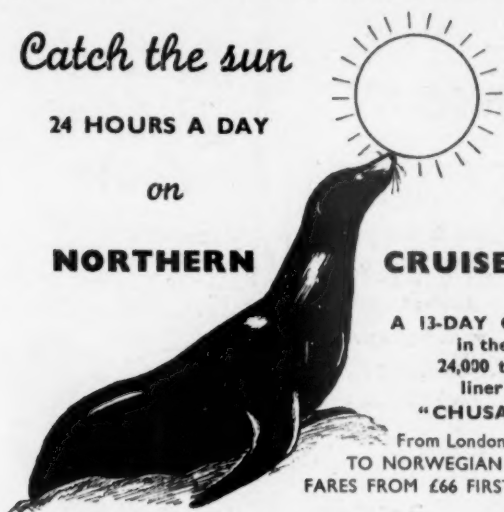
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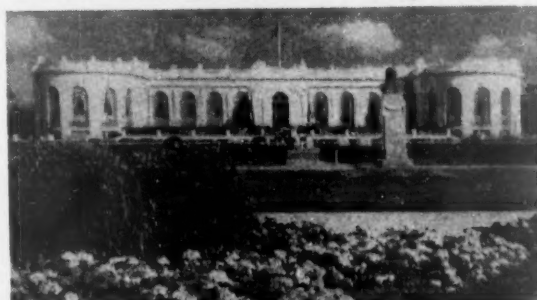
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## After 25- take steps to correct dry skin

After you are 25 the natural oil of your skin does not replace itself readily. Before you are 40 your skin may lose as much as 20 per cent of its own oil.

Watch out for signs of dry skin — flaky patches, tiny lines. Then help to correct this condition. Start using Pond's Dry Skin Cream, so effective because:

1. It is rich in lanolin, very like the skin's own oil
2. It is homogenized to soak in
3. It has a softening emulsifier

**KEEP YOUR SKIN YOUNG AND SUPPLE**  
Lanolin-soften by night. After cleansing, smooth Pond's Dry Skin Cream generously over your face. Massage it in thoroughly, leaving a light, softening film all night. Lines and roughness are smoothed away.

**Lanolin-protect by day.** If your skin is very dry, stroke in a touch of Pond's Dry Skin Cream before you make up, and be sure of day-long, soothing protection.

Pond's Dry Skin Cream costs 2/6 and 4/11 a jar.

## DRY SKIN?

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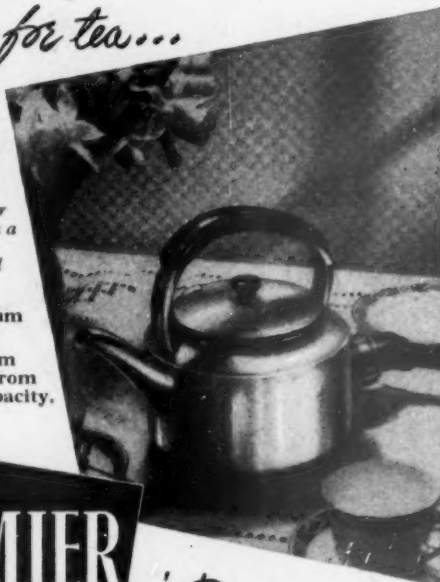
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will boil water  
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Kettles are fitted with a  
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Nylon can change its looks, but never its character: so if you want underwear that's easy-washing, fast drying, needs little ironing, its virtues clear and constant as the North Star, then look for nylon, because



***nylon***  
*has it all ways*



BRITISH NYLON SPINNERS LTD.,  
PONTYPOOL, MON.



## FACTS ABOUT YOUR NERVES

# NERVOUS EXHAUSTION

PROBABLY you have noticed how your natural energy, mental vigour, interest and enthusiasm give way from time to time to a feeling of deep mental exhaustion. The curious thing about such mental exhaustion is that it can affect your bodily health too. Just why has long mystified doctors, but it is believed that under the influence of your 'nerves' certain physical changes take place in the body, so making you physically fatigued as well.



NERVE ENDING: One of the ways in which nerves terminate in the skin. All nerve endings are connected to your central nervous system.

## Watch for these symptoms

You can usually recognise when your system is becoming 'run down' by your lack of energy, increasing tiredness, loss of interest in your job, poor concentration, insomnia, and irritability, and by a growing feeling of deep mental and physical exhaustion. Whenever you notice these symptoms the proper thing to do is to put yourself on a course of Sanatogen.

## The Sanatogen treatment

The key points in your nervous system are your nerve cells. These nerve cells, we know, depend for their growth and health—and that means your health—upon an adequate supply of protein and phosphorus. Without these substances your nervous system could not function properly and nerve cells would 'starve'. To restore and promote the activity of such 'starved' cells you need the extra protein and phosphorus that Sanatogen gives you. By giving this extra 'boost' to your nerve cells Sanatogen helps to correct your 'nerves' and to restore strength.

## How you take Sanatogen

Sanatogen is a very fine powder. You take it, mixed with a little water or milk, three times a day, with or between meals. Remember, it may have taken

months for your body to get into a 'run down' state. Obviously, this cannot be remedied just overnight and it is important that you take Sanatogen regularly for at least eight weeks. Each day Sanatogen will put back into your body a little more strength, a little more vitality, rebuilding your system and restoring your energies. So when you start Sanatogen, make sure you get the full benefit from it by taking the complete eight-week course.

## Doctors' opinions

More than 25,000 doctors have endorsed the use of Sanatogen—a remarkable official recognition of its restorative power. Sanatogen is unique in form and composition and is the standard, accepted tonic for all cases of 'nerves', irritability, over-tiredness and mental and physical strain; in fact, 'run down' conditions generally.

## 'RUN DOWN'?

Then take a course of Sanatogen. You will be astonished at the difference it will make to your health and well-being.

From 6/11. Economical family-size jar available.

# Sanatogen

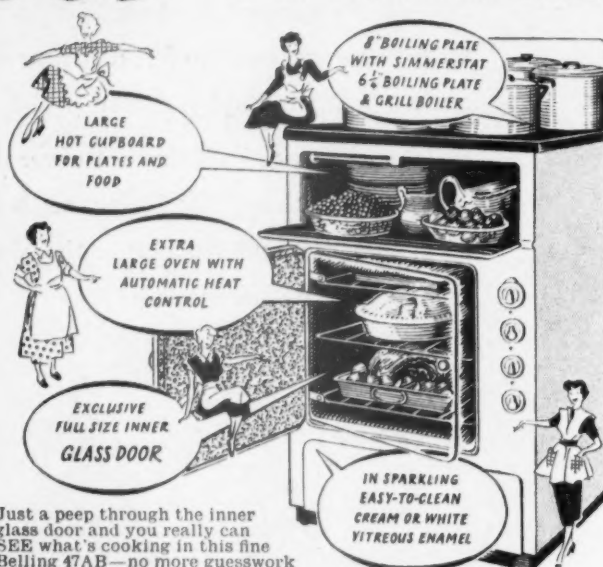
THE PROTEIN NERVE TONIC



The word 'Sanatogen' is a registered trade mark of Genatosan Limited, Loughborough, Leics.

# SEE what's Cooking!

THROUGH THE FULL SIZE INNER GLASS DOOR



Just a peep through the inner glass door and you really can SEE what's cooking in this fine Belling 47AB—no more guesswork or spoilt food for you now. And at £32.5.0 it costs no more than an ordinary cooker. See one for yourself at your local Electrical Shop or Showroom.

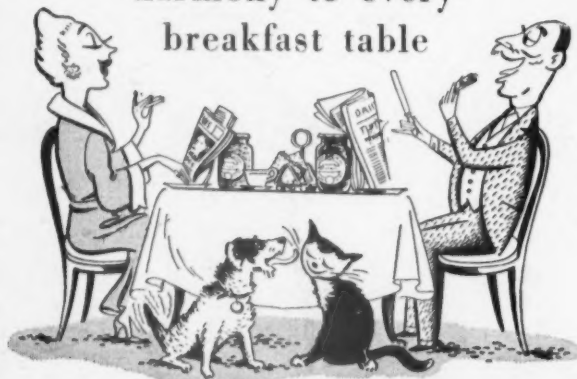
## "Belling"

**FREE!** Write for 56-page Booklet and folders describing this and other Belling products ranging from the Wee Baby Belling at £6.19.6 to the magnificent Streamline at £49.10.0.

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# TIPTREE marmalades

bring an exquisite note of harmony to every breakfast table



**TIPTREE** A marmalade to conjure the appetite. Made from Seville oranges and pure sugar with really tender peel in medium-thick strips. In 1 lb. jars 1/9d.



**TAWNY** For those who like to come across big juicy chunks of glistening peel, this Seville orange marmalade is delight indeed. In 1 lb. jars 1/9d.

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(4)



**Plenty of space in this full-width freezer.** With its self-closing, insulated door, there is ample room for cold desserts, ice cream and frozen foods too. It has two large ice trays—fitted with snap-release cube separators—and one 3 pint dessert tray.



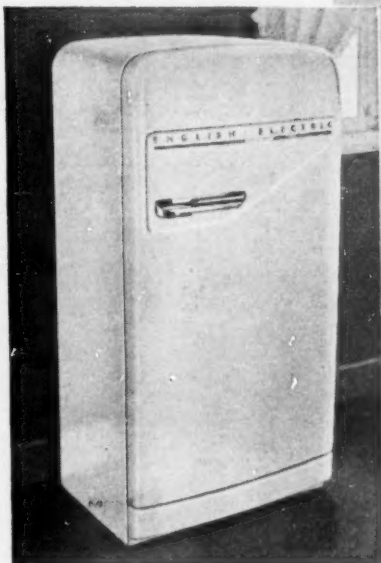
**Full-width COLDRAWER with room to spare.** Slides easily in and out. For lower temperature storage of fish, fillets, chops and bacon—also used as a drip tray for defrosting. Below are three arm-length shelves, and a half shelf.

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It's just about the most handsome refrigerator ever. Large capacity—yes—but taking up less space than you think! See for yourself how generous it is. 14.6 sq. ft. of wide shelf area—all the storage space you'll ever want to take all your food without overcrowding. Even the door has three big-capacity shelves to accommodate your extras. The 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC' EA 83 is the refrigerator every woman deserves, superbly finished, designed for *your* kitchen, in either white or cream enamel. You'll thrill with possessive pride every time you look at it! See it at your local 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC' Dealer or Electricity Centre—today!



**Neat about floor space.** The 'English Electric' EA 83 fits comfortably into any moderate sized kitchen. It stands 57½" high—28½" wide and 25½" deep—occupying just over 5 square feet of floor space.



**You can afford it!** The 'English Electric' EA 83 costs 132 gns—for cheaper per cubic foot than most small models—and you can buy it on hire purchase terms—your local 'English Electric' dealer will gladly arrange this for you.

Write for a complimentary copy of 'Crisp and Fresh'. Illustrated in full colour—a complete guide to refrigerator cookery containing recipes from Sole in Aspic and Charlotte Russe to Caramel Custard and Cabbage Salad.

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BELFAST

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# ATCO MOTOR MOWERS

*An ATCO could make a fact of your gardening dreams*

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*Isn't it time you owned an ATCO?*

The new models are in the shops. Why not have a talk with your local man? He will tell you:—

1. This is a good time to buy an Atco because they have never been more efficient, easier and lighter to manoeuvre or more economical to buy and maintain.
2. If yours is an average size lawn, it's false economy to use anything smaller than a 17 inch mower because with a good wide cut, mowing takes less time and less fuel, for very little extra initial cost.
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This means:—  
A wider than ever range of mowing equipment—hand, motor and gang—and sold through the Atco Sales Organisation. Atco Service is now available to owners of Shanks mowers from Atco Service Branches throughout the country.

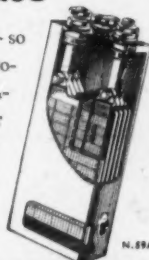


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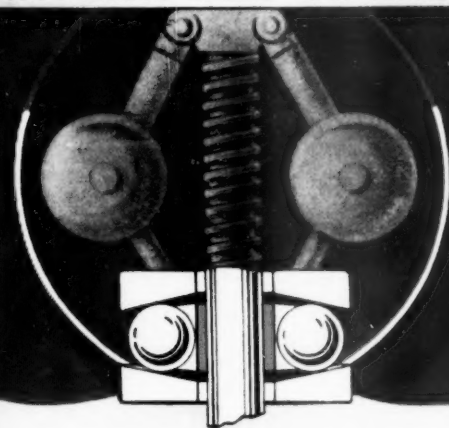
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